THE SPORTING MAGAZINE:

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

Of the Tranſactions of the TURF, the CHASE, and every other Diverſion intereſting to the Man of Pleaſure, Enterprize and Spirit,

For AUGUST, 1796.

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Embelliſhed with 1. Portraiture of a Cheſnut Racer, the property of Mr. Boehm; 2. Etching of POINTERS STANDING AT HARE.

LONDON:

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TO THE READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS OF THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

THE Pedigree and Performances of *Bennington*, *Overton*, and *Comet*, favoured by *J. L* have place in this month's Magazine.

Little B. will alſo find his Requeſt attended to in the preſent Number.

Such Articles as were admiſſible, received from a *Worceſter* Correſpondent, we have given place to this month, in our Sporting Intelligence.

Stacey's Lines arrived too late for this month; he, however, does not ſtand alone; in company with many valuable Favors of other Correſpondents, they ſhall have early inſertion.

The *Hobby Horſe*, is an attempt at *ſomething*; but at what, it is difficult for us to diſcover. We would adviſe the Writer to reviſe this, his *ingenious production*, which may perhaps throw a new light upon it, and render it in ſome degree more intelligible.

The *Lines* of T. W. are received, and ſhall have a place in our Next.

How *Oxonienſis* could imagine that his Verſes were in any degree applicable to our Performance, we cannot conceive; certain it is, they are not only foreign to our Plan. but alſo, in their preſent *garb*, totally unfit or a place in any publication whatever.

THE

Sporting Magazine

For AUGUST, 1796.

New Jockey Club.

No. V.

The Duke *of* Marlborough.

THIS nobleman married a daughter of the late Duke of Bedford, by whom he has had a numerous issue; the female part of whom, have been remarkable for their attachment to the drama: their eldest son, the Marquis of Blandford, married, a short time since, Lady Stewart, daughter to the Earl of Galloway; a match, as it was generally imagined, not very congenial to the hopes or wishes of his father and mother, who manifested no small portion of disgust on the occasion; some friend of the bride, if not her immediate relative, published a laboured account of their pedigree, which did not, however, operate in that consolatory manner the lesser parties required; yet, in our opinion, if the lady continues to make so exemplary a wife as she has hitherto done, the very illustrious house of Marlborough may be satisfied with the award and consequence which Hymen has allotted to the heir of their immense estates and dignities.

In pursuing this nobleman into the haunts of private life, we have found him possessing many amiable qualities: he is an indulgent husband, a kind master, an unoppressive landlord, and, in no very limited degree, benevolent to the poor. The weakness chargeable upon his character, are being too ostentatious of his local importance, and exercising too much *hauteur* in his manner of addressing those whom he believes to be his inferiors: it has been asserted, that his love of pre-eminence carries him so far, that he appears as seldom at court as the common forms of respect for the sovereign will allow; and although he has a house on the Steyne at Brighthelmstone, in Sussex, where he retires every summer for the benefit of sea bathing, he will not remain when the Prince of Wales arrives; and this event has occurred in so many succeeding seasons, that the tradesmen of that place are now led to consider the arrival of his Royal Highness, as a signal for the self banishment of his Grace: we unite with others in supposing this regular mode of procedure, as arising from that cause, as it cannot possibly be the fruit of antipathy.

His Duchess, whom it is asserted has her full share in the government of his household, is no less fond of aristocratic honors than his Grace, and is, by many, supposed to be the axis, on which all this machine of parade turns; yet, independent of that unprofitable vanity, she is unquestionably a good woman; and we regret exceedingly, that the human mind can be so far alienated from truth and peace, as to suffer the perishable frivolities of the mind to supersede the higher and more permanent qualities of the heart; and the more especially, as the first is eternally productive of regret and disappointment, and the latter of complacency, humility, and universal esteem. During the residence

of her Grace, at Brighthelmstone, she signalizes herself from the other ladies of fashion, by dressing even more plainly than a quaker; but it is possible that this eccentricity may arise from the very source of action we have deplored. We are eager to notice, as it does the lady much credit, that she allows a breakfast of bread and milk, every morning to fifty decrepid old women, which is an action that contributes more essentially to the furtherance of her importance, than all the decorations a herald can bestow.

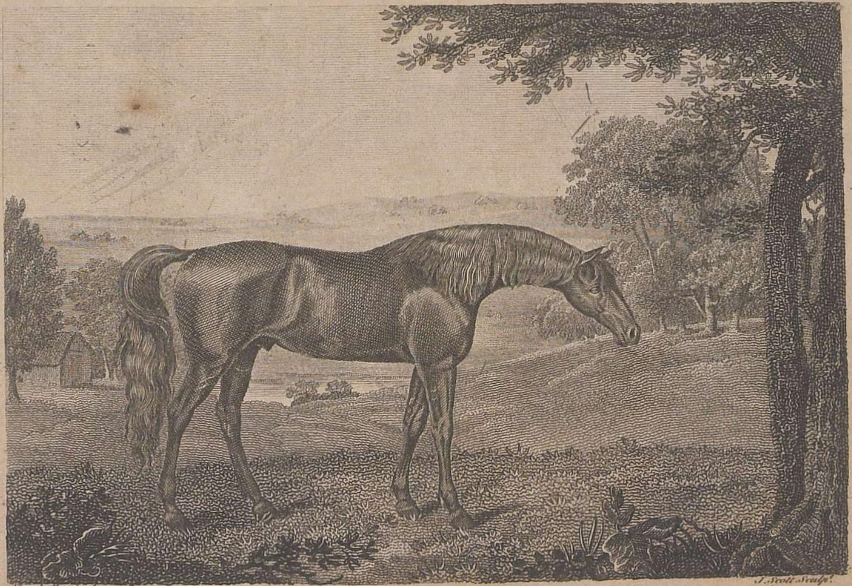
The Duke of Marlborough appears to be so little of a politician, that his attendance in the House of Peers is considered as a circumstance of wonder; but we do not feel inclined to attach any sort of blame to his grace, on this account, as he could scarcely act in any other character than that of an indirect agent of the minister, if he wished to be successful in his endeavours; for if he opposed his particular views, he might have the mortification of being continually in the minority; eloquent without conviction, and virtuous without adherents.

In bringing forward the following observations upon the disposition of his grace, we do not mean to give him offence, but he seems to consider the personal favour of his sovereign, as rather an illustrious care, than an enviable possession: that a desireable tranquility of spirit, seldom, if ever, to be found within the precincts of a court, and that the advantages accruing from a life of privacy, are more considerable than any that can be acquired in a situation where the hate of rivalry, and the love of degradation actuate so many who come within the regal sphere, that the buzzing business of a birth-day is not precisely compatible with a philosophic mind, and the chances of being overthrown or undermined are so many, and those of being sustained and regarded so few, that the soul sickens at the prospect in proportion as it observes. He thinks, perhaps, with *Solon*, that courtiers may be compared with counters, which kings use at their discretion, and make them stand for more or less, as they may capriciously place them—that it is possible a man may procure titular honours at court, but that it is more probable he may lose his individual happiness; and as he cannot expect any additional distinction as a Vatrician, that it would be venturing on a commerce where the risk of much was inevitable, and the returns visionary.—That it is better to be a little planet, with its lesser satellites, than the attendant of a mightier luminary, with his brilliancy dependent upon another's power.—That the indignities received from a monarch, must be as mortal as your own nature, but that your errors towards him, will exist coeval with time.—That the luminous epoch is rapidly approaching, when nothing will be held as *great* but what is *good*, and that the less a nobleman values himself upon those qualifications, which result from reflected splendor, the better; that the world and its tenants are regenerating,—and to conclude, that it is a very serious difficulty to find any virtue in a court, but that it is of much greater difficulty to keep it there when you have it.

A Son of Erasmus.

OUR Magazine, this month, is enriched with a beautiful engraving of a Son of Erasmus, the property of E. Boehm, Esq. It is from a painting, by Marshall, an

arti



Marshall. pinx.

J. Scott Sculp.

A [illegible] OF EDM.^D BOHUM ESQ.^R OF OTTERSHAW.

artiſt of whom we have made mention in another part of our Magazine. Should we be favoured with any particulars of the above horſe, or his ſire, they ſhall appear in a future Number.

PARTICULARS *of the* DEATH *of* M. THOMAS YATES.

THE late Mr. Richard Yates, the Comedian, dying ſome time ago at his houſe in Pimlico, ſee our magazine for April, p. 50, a Miſs Elizabeth Jones, who had lived with him ſince the death of Mrs. Yates, claimed the property of the deceaſed by virtue of a will, ſaid to be made in her favour. This will, however, is reported to be a very imperfect one, and written with a pencil;—be that as it may, the will has been exhibited in Doctor's Commons, and is conteſted.

The nephew and heir at law of Mr. Yates, ſetting up a claim to the property, and being moſt likely adviſed thereto, went into poſſeſſion of the houſe at Pimlico, taking with him his wife, a ſervant, and two children; they occupied one part of the houſe, and Miſs Jones the other. What followed will be found accurately reported in the account of the proceedings before the magiſtrates at Bow ſtreet, on Thurſday the 25th of Auguſt, and ſome particulars in addition, collected from the examinations before the Coroner's Jury, which took place the day preceding.

Public Office, Bow-ſtreet, Aug. 25, 1796.

This day at the Public Office, Bow Street, before E. Read, and J. Floud, Eſqrs. Mr. Sellers, Mr. Footner, and Miſs Jones, charged with having been concerned in the wilful murder of Mr. Yates, at Pimlico, on Monday laſt, were put to the bar, for re-examination; when the following particulars were related in evidence.

Mary Thomſon was the firſt witneſs examined. She ſtated that ſhe came into Mr. Yates's ſervice on Wedneſday ſe'nnight, and found in the houſe Mr. and Mrs. Yates, and Miſs Jones, and her ſervant, Fanny Batten; that the next day, Thurſday, Mr. Sellers and his wife came to Miſs Jones, and continued till the fatal buſineſs took place; that on Sunday preceding it, Mr. Footner called on Mr. Sellers, ſpent the day with him, his wife, and Miſs Jones, and the Park gates being ſhut when he was going away, he remained there all night. On Monday Mrs. Yates went out in a coach, leaving Mr. Yates in the houſe with Miſs Jones, Mr. Footner, and Mr. Sellers. About four o'clock the witneſs dreſſed ſome mutton chops for Mr. Yates, who, after he had dined, went to walk in the garden, when Miſs Jones came down ſtairs and ſhut the yard door; in a few minutes after this the witneſs heard another door, leading to the garden, faſtened, and alſo a window. On going to examine the yard door, which Miſs Jones had faſtened, ſhe found it locked, and the key gone; in a few minutes ſhe was alarmed by hearing Mr. Yates cry out, but could not diſtinguiſh what he ſaid. Going into the back kitchen, ſhe ſaw him ſtanding on the ſteps leading to the æra, and he perceiving her, deſired ſhe would open the window and let him in that way, which ſhe proceeded to do, and was aſſiſting him to come in by that means, when ſhe heard ſome perſon behind her in the kitchen, and turning her head, ſaw Mr. Sellers coming forward with a piſtol in his hand, who ſaid "Mr. Yates, you muſt not come in." The witneſs being much frightened, ſaid "For God's ſake do not ſhoot him."

him." Mr. Sellers then advanced close to Mr. Yates, on which the latter put his hand on the mouth of the piſtol, to puſh it away, and was in the act of drawing himſelf back from the window into the æra, when the witneſs perceived Mr. Sellers move his thumb on the piſtol, which inſtantly went off, and wounded Mr. Yates. The deceaſed immediately ran up into the garden, with his hand on his ſtomach, crying out "Murder, Murder!" The witneſs inſtantly alarmed ſome perſons in the ſtreet, who got over an adjoining wall into the garden, whither ſhe alſo went, and found Mr. Yates on the ground, bleeding, who deſired her to ſend immediately for her miſtreſs. When ſhe came into the houſe again, ſhe found Miſs Jones and Mr. Footner in the parlour, and obſerving a piſtol lying on the floor, was going to pick it up; but Miſs Jones bid her let it alone.

Croſs examined. As to the firing of the piſtol, ſhe was very particular in that reſpect, and, on the piſtols being produced, ſhewed the exact way ſhe deſcribed it in, and was very poſitive that it did not go off at the time Yates put his hand againſt it, but after he let it go, and was going back from the window. The witneſs related the particulars of ſome converſation that had taken place between her and Fanny Batten, Miſs Jones's maid, who had obſerved to her on Monday, previous to the murder, that ſhe thought Mr. Yates ought to have ſome man to protect him, as ſhe had ſeen two loaded piſtols in a caſe in Miſs Jones's parlour.

Fanny Batten on her examination, would only admit that ſhe had told the witneſs, Thompſon, that ſhe ſuppoſed they had piſtols; but prevaricating very much in her account, and having ſhewn ſome unwillingneſs to come forward, the magiſtrates ordered her to find bail, or be kept in cuſtody till the trial.

In the courſe of the evidence, it came out that a ſcuffle had taken place on Monday, about one o'clock, between the deceaſed, Miſs Jones, Mr. Sellers, and Mr. Footner, in conſequence of the former having ſent for a ſmith to take off the lock of the ſtreet door, which Mr. Sellers had got the key of. Several other witneſſes were examined, who all gave the ſame account relative to the ſtate in which they found the deceaſed; his ſaying that Mr. Sellers was the perſon that ſhot him, and that Miſs Jones was acceſſary. One of theſe witneſſes ſaid, he had heard Miſs Jones acknowledge ſhe was acceſſary, when challenged to that effect by Mr. Sellers, who regretted exceedingly that he had ever entered her premiſes, but added, that he did not intend to have ſhot Mr. Yates, and that the piſtol went off without his touching the trigger.

All the witneſſes agreed that Mr. Footner made not the leaſt attempt to eſcape, and ſhewed every diſpoſition to aſſiſt.

The priſoners declined aſking the witneſſes any queſtions. Meſſrs. Field and Conſt attended as their counſel.

Mr. Sellers, in reply to ſome queſtions put to him by the magiſtrates, ſaid that he had been acquainted with Miſs Jones only a week, and went to the houſe to take care of her property. He is a linen draper, and not an attorney as was at firſt reported, Mr. Footner is concerned with him in a ſhop in Oxford-ſtreet.

The day of publication for our Magazine being ſo near, we cannot wait for the final examination, but ſupply the want of Mr. Cruikſhank's teſtimony from the examinations before the coroner's jury on the day preceding, viz. Wedneſday Auguſt 24.

Mr.

MR. CRUIKSHANK'S EVIDENCE BEFORE THE CORONER'S JURY.

Doctor Cruikſhank was next examined as to the wound. He ſtated, that he attended the deceaſed about ſix o'clock on the evening the unfortunate affair happened, and from his appearance at that time, he formed hopes of his recovery. He only perceived the wound which the ball had made on entering his body. It had entered juſt below the cheſt bone, and he did not imagine it had penetrated the belly, but conceived (as was frequently the caſe) it had gone round between the ſkin and the muſcles.—At nine he again attended him, when a freſh orifice was diſcovered below his right hip, at which the ball had gone out. He ſtill did not think him mortally wounded, but the next morning his countenance appeared wild, his pulſe fluttering, and he had the black vomiting, accompanied with ſuch other ſymptoms, as juſtified his prognoſticating he had not many hours to live. He accordingly expired about three hours after. Upon opening the body, he found the lower part of the liver was torn away, and that both the orifices communicated with the cavity of the belly. He entertained no doubt of the deceaſed having come to his death by a piſtol ſhot.

The verdict of the coroner's jury was WILFUL MURDER againſt John Sellers, Elizabeth Jones, and —— Footner.

The BAKER *and the* BAILIFF.

Public Office, Bow Street, Aug. 23

CHARLES Scoldwell, a ſheriff's Officer, was brought to this Office, charged by Thomas Spurling, of Bedfont, baker, with robbing him on the 23d of July laſt, of a couple of ducks, and extorting from him divers articles.

Mr Spurling ſtated, that the officer came down to his houſe at Bedfont, on the evening of the 22d of July laſt, and arreſted him at the ſuit of a Mr Allen, for the ſum of 16l. 7s. 8d. and that on his being arreſted, the priſoner told him that he muſt take him to town immediately, and deſired, in a peremptory manner, that he would get a poſt chaiſe for that purpoſe. Mr. Spurling ſaid, he ſhould not pay for a poſt chaiſe, neither would he walk to town at that time of night, it being about ten o'clock; the priſoner Scoldwell then began to abuſe him, aſking him if he had got nothing better for ſupper than what he was eating, which was ſome hock of bacon, &c. Mr. Spurling anſwered, he had not, but he would give him a gooſe to take home with him, which he immediately took out of the yard for that purpoſe. Mr. Spurling then ſaid to the priſoner, he ſhould not like to be taken to town, but would ſettle the buſineſs. He accordingly paid him down 15l. in part of the debt and coſts, but the priſoner ſtill diſſatisfied, inſiſted on Spurling's putting his horſe into a cart which was in the yard, in order to drive them to town. Spurling ſtill wiſhing to ſtay at home, then gave him his watch, a note at twenty one days for 40l. and the leaſe of his houſe and lands, as a ſecurity for the remaining 1l 17s. 8d. but even this was not enough to ſatisfy the officer, and he took a baſon of half pence, worth about ten ſhillings, and put them into his pocket to defray, as he ſaid, his expences, and then aſked Spurling for what ſilver he had in his pocket; this Spurling gave him, amounting to 4s. 6d.

Spurling further ſtated, that about half an hour after Scoldwell and his follower was gone, he miſſed a couple of ducks out of the ſtable where the horſe and cart was, and theſe he never heard of till the 16th inſtant,

instant, when he found that the prisoner had stolen his ducks on the morning of leaving his house.

Spurling added, that on the day that the powder mills were blown up at Hownslow, the prisoner and his wife came down again in a one horse chaise and made various demands of money, &c. on pretence of the action not being satisfied. He wanted a goose; Spurling gave him two; because one was an old one; he wanted some pease; Spurling gave him about two bushel, together with a basket of walnuts for pickling, and a piece of bacon, after which he returned home; on the 13th of August he came down again, not only with fresh threats, and making further extortions, but likewise with a writ against Spurling, at the suit of another plaintiff, on setling of which it turned out that he had robbed Spurling of his ducks, and upon this the prisoner was apprehended.

John Taylor, bailiff's follower, said, that he went down to Mr. Spurling's with his master, on the evening of the 22d of July last, and that on his returning home his master observed to him, "*What a humbug you must be to go asleep, (and pulling his coat aside, shewed* him a couple of DUCKS,) see what I have got the while;--he believed the ducks he shewed him were stolen out of the yard of Mr. Spurling.

Mr. Bond fully committed Scoldwell for stealing the ducks.

SECOND EXAMINATION.

Aug, 26.

Charles Scoldwell, the bailiff, was put to the bar for a further examination concerning the stealing of two ducks the property of Mr. T. Spurling, of Bedfont, as before stated, when Mr Joseph Sadler, of Egham, coach master, appeared, and gave in evidence against him the following circumstances respecting the ducks:——He said that on the 23d of July last, as he was coming to town with his coach he took up the person now present, who calls himself Scoldwell, and a man of the name of Taylor, who he found was his follower, about half past seven o'clock in the morning; and that as they were coming over Hounslow-heath, the prisoner Scoldwell informed him that he had been arresting Mr. Spurling, the baker of Bedfont, and that he "had done him out of two ducks." Sadler further stated, that the prisoner tapped him on the shoulder, and cried, "*quack! quack!*" and then pulled out a watch, which he said he had got from him, and cried, "*tick! tick!* and then began to blame Taylor, observing to him that he had not made his quarters good. He afterwards observed to Sadler that he had *done* Spurling out of the lease of his house, and a draft for 40l. On their arrival at Hammersmith, he saw the head and neck of a white duck hanging out of the prisoner's pocket, when he observed to him, that if he did not take care, he would lose the ducks he had stolen.

The office was crowded with sheriffs officers, &c. and nothing but the cry of "quack! quack!" and "tick! tick!" was heard round the neighbourhood.

Mr. William Davies, No. 158, Aldersgate-street, the attorney for Priddle and Osborne, at whose suit Spurling was arrested by the prisoner the last time, said, that the directions he had received from his clients, was, that the writ may be given to the prisoner Scoldwell, he being the person who had persuaded them to arrest Spurling.

The prisoner was committed for a further hearing on Tuesday next.

A TREA-

A Treatise *on* Farriery, *with* Anatomical Plates.

(Continued from page 184.)

ONE of these may be given in the morning, and the other in the evening, continuing them for some time. They may be washed down with two or three horns of the pectoral decoction of the shops.

There is nothing will contribute more to the cure than good air and gentle exercise in a morning, and therefore, if it is convenient, the horse should be removed from low, boggy places when he happens to be kept in such. If he is turned out to grass, it should never be where it is rank, but on some dry common, or other place where the air is good. But the best pasture is the salt marshes, where a horse will recover without the use of medicines, if his case is not desperate.

A horse sometimes loses his flesh, and wears away without any remarkable cough, running at the nose, or feverish heat, and at length becomes hide-bound. This may be owing to different causes; but there is often a swelling of the glands of the mesentry, which hinders the distribution of the chyle by obstructing the passages of the chyliferous ducts. In this case it will be proper to open the obstructions with mercurials over night, and purges the next morning. These may be repeated three times, with the distance of a week between them. In the intervals between the purges, he may have an ounce of cinnabar of antimony, and half an ounce of gum guaiacum either made into a ball with other ingredients, or mixed with his feeds, being first wetted. As the mercurials and purges have been already mentioned, they need not be here repeated. The cinnabar, &c. may be continued till the horse recovers his strength. Sometimes the spring grass will cure them, or rather the salt marshes, especially if they are not too wet and damp.

Of Disorders of the Appetite.

Most disorders of the stomach in horses proceed from other diseases, and cannot be cured before the disease on which they depend abates, or is vanquished. These have been already taken notice of in other places. But sometimes a *weakness of appetite* is an original distemper. In this case the horse is apt to mangle his hay, or entirely neglect it, which may be owing to too great an indulgence of corn: other horses neglect their hay through daintiness, and will eat none but the choicest: others again cannot bear hard labour of any kind, without a diminution of their appetite for several days after. Sometimes horses may be little feeders naturally, and then they will keep their flesh, which they do not when it is a disease. When it is owing to a weakness of the stomach, the dung is soft and of a pale colour: this weakness may be induced by giving him scalded bran too frequently, or any other hot feed.

These horses may be restored to their former appetite by gentle exercise in dry weather in the open air, and by keeping them to dry meats mixing a few beans with their oats. If the horse is so bad as to want medicines, half an ounce of succotrine aloes made into a ball, with an ounce of conserve of roses, and washing it down with a pint and a half of smith-forge water; for nothing strengthens the stomach and bowels more than the iron wherewith this water is impregnated. The quantity of aloes is just sufficient to cleanse the stomach, and may be repeated two or three days together, unless it proves a purge, as in some constitutions it may, though qualified with the conserve

of roses. Besides, as in these cases the horse's blood is commonly low and poor, these things are very proper to warm and enrich it, as they will strengthen the digestive faculties on which sanguification depends.

But when horses have their appetite diminished by being over fed, which sometimes happens when they are for sale, then it will be proper to bleed and purge, and to make rowels in the belly; as also by giving them due exercise, and a clean moderate diet. When horses are of a hot, fiery disposition, and are apt to fret themselves off their stomachs, they should be suffered to run abroad in the winter in the fields, where there is a proper shelter from the inclemency of the weather. But in the summer they should be taken up in the day time, to prevent their being tormented with flies.

A *voracious appetite* renders a horse a foul feeder, and is generally known by this appellation: and yet to speak more properly, a voracious appetite is when a horse is more than usually greedy of his food; whereas a foul feeder will eat his litter, be it ever so nasty, foul weeds, stinking hay, and even sometimes mould and wet clay; and therefore this may more properly be called a depraved appetite. Others that are not greedy will, like girls troubled with the green sickness, eat what they can get off the walls that are near them. Now, as this is owing to the dictates of nature in girls, in order to correct the acid juices on the stomach, why may not this be nearly the same in horses?

Constant exercise and daily labour may often cure these diseases without any thing else; or let them drink water that is mixed with chalk in fine powder, or lime-water; or when it proceeds from sharp humours in the stomach, let him have four hornfuls of a decoction every morning. But there must be ingredients enough to make the water soft and slimy; and four ounces of linseed oil mixed with a pint of the liquor, will make it have a better effect. As for those that eat nasty litter, they should never have it in their power, but should be kept sweet and clean, always removing it before it becomes suitable to his taste.

The following medicine has been given with success, when a horse has lost his appetite:

Take two spoonfuls of the best honey; mix it with half a pint of mountain wine, and give it the horse, for two or three mornings, fasting; then ride him gently after it, for about an hour, and give him water.

OF THE CHOLIC AND GRIPES.

VIOLENT pains in the lower belly may very properly be referred to disorders of the nervous system, which, by consent, affect other parts at a distance therefrom, and often produce pernicious effects. The seat is the whole intestinal canal, from the throat to the anus: for when one part is grievously affected, all the rest of that canal may be drawn into consent; or the inversions and disorders of the peristaltic motion of the guts may be communicated to all the rest; insomuch, that, if the cause is very violent, the whole nervous system will be grievously affected.

When a horse has the *gripes*, he often lies down and springs up suddenly, rolls about, tumbles, and turns on his back; he has also convulsions and violent sweats, which are often succeeded with cold damps, and are attended with a suppression of urine and costiveness.

The proximate cause of all pain is too great a distension, distraction, and

and expanſion of the nervous parts and coats; or a ſtrong ſpaſtic conſtriction or contraction; and from theſe cauſes the pains of the inteſtines proceed. Thus, certain portions of the inteſtines may be diſtended above meaſure by wind pent up therein, or by a cauſtic, corroſive humour included in the membranes of the inteſtines, and ſo be conſtricted, and the cavity leſſened, with a great degree of pain. Hence ariſes the diſtinction between the wind-cholic or gripes, and the ſpaſmodic cholic.

The horſes called crib-biters, are moſt ſubject to this cholic; for when they are nibbling the manger they ſuck in a great deal of wind, which ſometimes blows them up, and produces this diſeaſe. In this caſe there is a coſtiveneſs, and almoſt always a ſtrangury; and therefore the ſtrait gut ſhould be emptied with a ſmall hand anointed with oil. This will ſometimes make way for the wind, and then the horſe will ſtale and become more eaſy. It is common for farriers to ſtrike a fleam into the bars of a horſe's mouth, and, as it never does any harm, though it is hard to ſay what good it does, the practice may be continued. The following ball has a tendency to eaſe the pain, and to cauſe a paſſage downwards:

Take, of Epſom ſalt, two ounces; Venice turpentine, and juniper berries, of each half an ounce; ſalt of tartar and ſpermaceti, of each two drams; of chymical oil of juniper, a dram; of ſolutive ſyrup of roſes, enough to make them into a ball, to be given immediately.

As the ſtaling depends upon the emptying of the guts, diuretics can have little or no effect till that be brought about, which this ſeldom or never fails to procure. If the wind and excrements come away, the horſe generally ſtales very plentifully; but if the operation is ſlow, give him another ball two hours after the firſt: and inſtead of Epſom ſalt, put in two ounces of vitriolated tartar. This may be again repeated two hours after, if there is occaſion, which ſeldom or never happens. The horſe ſhould have freſh ſtraw to roll and tumble upon.

After the pain is removed, which may be known by the horſe's lying quiet, gathering up his legs without ſtarting or tumbling; and if he continues an hour in that poſture, all the danger is over. While he is in the fit, he ſhould be carefully attended, to prevent his doing himſelf any harm. After this, he may feed upon ſcalded bran, and drink warm water-gruel.

Mr. Gibſon, inſtead of Epſom ſalt, orders an ounce of ſal prunella; but this is not ſo good, for the reaſon already given, as well as from the experience of its effects. The common method of giving oil of turpentine, gin, pepper, &c. is very pernicious, for they are not only very heating, but, though deſigned to promote urine, cannot have ſuch an effect at this time, and may bring on an *atonia* or weakneſs of the parts deſtined to make that ſecretion.

When the ball cannot be given whole, on account of the agitation of the horſe, it may be diſſolved in a pint of warm ale, and given as a drench; but then care muſt be taken to reduce the juniper berries to a powder before the ball is made.

The *ſpaſmodic cholic*, or *dry gripes*, as ſome call it, is always attended with coſtiveneſs, and the dung that comes away is black and hard; his urine is high-coloured, and he has a quick motion with his tail; his looks are dull, and his motions are ſluggiſh. This, if taken in time, is eaſily remedied by emollients, and by giving a laxative conſiſting of two ounces of vitriolated

ted tartar, diſſolved in a ſufficient quantity of water, and given him in a horn. A cholic ariſing from drinking cold water when the horſe is hot, may be cured by giving a cordial ball or two.

But the diſeaſe that is moſt dangerous, and which is often miſtaken for the cholic, is ſome inward inflammation, particularly of the guts, which is ſeldom found out till it is too late. As for the inflammation of the lungs, it may be known by the breath; and the inflammation of the liver by the ſymptoms of the jaundice or yellows. But an inflammation of any part of the gut has nothing particular to diſtinguiſh it from the dry gripes. This, for want of timely aſſiſtance, generally terminates in a mortification; and then if any dung comes away, it is black, which is a ſign that the horſe is paſt recovery.

The way to prevent thoſe fatal accidents, is always to be upon the watch when the horſe has any ſymptoms of the gripes, and if he is coſtive, which is always the caſe in this inflammation, his body ſhould be opened as ſoon as poſſible; not by purgatives, which exaſperate the diſeaſe, but by ſuch things as will correct and diſcuſs the offending humour, and carry it downward. Therefore the firſt thing to be done is to empty the ſtrait gut by a ſmall hand, and afterwards give an emollient oily clyſter. Soon after this, give the following ball:

Take, of vitriolated tartar, two ounces and a half; of ſalt of tartar, three quarters of an ounce: make theſe into a ball with a ſufficient quantity of lenitive electuary.

If this does not produce an immediate effect, let it be repeated in two or three hours: the ſecond or third doſe ſeldom or never fails. But it muſt be remembered, that theſe internal inflammations are always attended with a feveriſh heat; and therefore if you lay your hand upon the horſe's ſide, and find the heart beat more than forty times in a minute, you may find by the exceſs the height of the fever. Therefore when you find this runs high, and his water is ſcalding hot, you muſt never omit plentiful bleeding, to ſtop the progreſs of the inflammation as ſoon as poſſible. If the horſe is in ſuch pain that you cannot give him the remedy in the form of a ball, it may preſently be diſſolved in water, and forced down as a drench.

When a horſe has the ſymptoms of the gripes, with a looſeneſs, and the dung has its natural colour, there is never any danger; but when it is blackiſh and ſtinking, the bowels are already mortified, and then all help will come too late; ſo that if you give him any remedies it will be to no manner of purpoſe.

When this looſeneſs continues long, then

Take, of diaſcordium, an ounce; roots of round birth wort, gentian, bay berries, and myrrh, of each a quarter of an ounce: make them into a ball with a ſufficient quantity of oil of amber.

This may be repeated every four hours till the horſe recovers. Gibſon, in the beginning of a mortification, adviſes tincture of myrrh and Egyptian honey. This mixture, indeed, would be proper in outward applications, but to ſuppoſe it would reach the aggrieved part by giving it inwardly, is little leſs than madneſs, not to mention the deleterious quality of the verdigreaſe wherewith the Egyptian honey is made. But, though he recommends this, he owns he never tried it himſelf; and I hope no one ever will, eſpecially while there remains any hopes of recovery; for what is done afterwards, when the horſe is dying, is of little or no ſignification.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTE *of the late Mr.* GARRICK.

IT has been faid that *man* is the only animal that laughs, but though dogs may not abfolutely laugh, they are fometimes, like Falftaff, the caufe of laughter in others; the following circumftance which happened to Garrick in the early part of his life is one example.

One very fultry evening in the dog-days, he performed the part of *Lear*; in the four firft acts, he received the cuftomary tribute of applaufe. At the conclufion of the fifth, when he wept over the body of *Cordelia*, every eye caught the foft infection. At this interefting moment, to the aftonifhment of all prefent, his face affumed a new character, and his whole frame appeared agitated by a new paffion: it was not tragic; for—he was evidently endeavouring to fupprefs a laugh! In a few feconds, the attendant nobles appeared to be affected in the fame manner; and the beauteous Cordelia, who was reclined upon a crimfon couch, opening her eyes to fee what occafioned the interruption, leaped from her fofa, and, with the *Majefty of England*, the gallant *Albany*, and *tough old Kent*, ran laughing off the ftage. The audience could not account for this ftrange termination of a tragedy in any other way than by fuppofing the *dramatis perfonæ* were feized with a fudden frenzy, but their rifibility had a different fource. A fat Whitechapel butcher, feated on the centre of the front bench in the pit, was accompanied by his maftiff, who being accuftomed to fit on the fame feat with his mafter at home, naturally fuppofed he might enjoy the like privilege here. The butcher fat very back, and the quadruped finding a fair opening, got upon the bench, and fixing his fore paws on the rail of the orcheftra, peered at the performers with as upright a head, and as grave an air as the moft fagacious critic of his day. Our corpulent *flaughter-man* was *made of melting ftuff*, and not being accuftomed to a play-houfe heat, found himfelf much oppreffed by the weight of a large and well-powdered Sunday periwig, which for the gratification of cooling and wiping his head, he pulled off and placed on the *head* of his *maftiff*. The dog being in fo confpicuous, fo obtrufive a fituation, caught the eye of Mr. Garrick, and the other performers. A *maftiff* in a *church-warden's wig* (for the butcher was a *parifh officer*) was too much. It would have provoked laughter in Lear himfelf at the moment he was moft diftreffed; no wonder then that it had this effect on his reprefentative.

PREFACE *to the* IRON CHEST, *a Play, in three Acts, written by* GEORGE COLMAN, *the Younger*,

(Concluded from page 179.)

"HERE then was a direct ftop to the bufinefs? No fuch thing. The troops proceeded without leaders: in the dark, *Meffieurs!*—"*Sans* eyes, *fans* every thing." The prompter, it is true, a kind of non-commiffioned officer, headed the corps, and a curious march was made of it!

"But, lo! two days, or three, (I forget which) previous to the public reprefentation up rofe king KEMBLE! like Somnus from his ebon bed, to diftribute his dozing directions among his fubjects.

> "Tardâ gravitate jacentes"
> "Vix oculos tollens;"
> "Summaque percutiens nutanti pectora mento,"
> "Excuffit, tandem, fibi fe; cubitoque levatus," &c.

"He

"He came, ſaw, and pronounced the piece to be ripe for exhibition. It was ordered to be perform'd immediately. News was brought to me, in my ſickneſs, of the mighty *Fiat*; and, although I was told, officially, that due care had been taken to render it worthy of public attention, I ſubmitted with doubt, and trembling to the decree. My doubts, too, of this boaſted care were not a little increaſed by a note, which I receiv'd from the prompter, written by the manager's order, *three hours only*, before the firſt repreſentation of the play:—wherein, at this late period, my conſent was, abruptly, requeſted to a tranſpoſition of two of the moſt material ſcenes in the ſecond act: and the reaſon given for this curious propoſal was, that the preſent ſtage of Drury—where the architect and machiniſt, with the judgment and ingenuity of a politician and a wit to aſſiſt them, had combined to outdo all former theatrical outdoings—was ſo bunglingly conſtructed, that there was not time for the carpenters to place the lumbering framework, on which an abbey was painted, behind the repreſentation of a library, without leaving a chaſm of ten minutes in the action of the play; and that in the middle of an act.—Such was the fabrication of that new ſtage, whoſe "*extent* and *powers*" have been ſo vauntingly advertiſed, under the claſſick management of Mr. Kemble, in the edifying exhibition of pantomimes, proceſſions, pageants, triumphal cars, milk-white horſes, and elephants!

"As I did not chuſe to alter the conſtruction of my play, without deliberation, merely to ſkreen the ill-conſtruction of the houſe, I would not liſten to the modeſt, and *well-timed* demand, of turning the progreſs of my fable *topſy turvy*.

"Very ill, and very weak, from the effects of the fever, which had not, yet, left me, I made an effort, and went to the theatre, to witneſs the performance. I found Mr. Kemble, in his dreſſing room, a ſhort time before the curtain was drawn up, taking *opium pills*: and nobody, who is acquainted with that gentleman, will doubt me when I aſſert, that, they are a medicine which he has long been in the habit of ſwallowing. He appear'd to me very unwell; and ſeem'd, indeed, to have imbibed

"Poppy and mandragora,
"And all the drowſy ſyrups of the
"world."

"The play began; and all went ſmoothly, till a trifling diſapprobation was ſhewn to the character perſonated by Mr. Dodd;—the ſcene in which he was engaged being much *too long*: a proof of the neglect of thoſe whoſe buſineſs it was to have informed me (in my unavoidable abſence from the theatre) that it appeared in the *laſt rehearſals* to want curtailment. I conſidered this, however, to be of no great moment; for Mr. Kemble was to appear immediately in a ſubſequent ſcene, and much was expected from his execution of a part, written expreſsly for his powers.

And, here, let me deſcribe the requiſites for the character which I have attempted to draw, that the world may judge whether I have taken a wrong meaſure of the perſonage whom I propoſed to fit: premiſing that I have worked for him before, with ſucceſs, and, therefore, it may be preſumed that I am ſomewhat acquainted with the dimenſions of his qualifications.—I required, then, a man

"Of a tall ſtature, and of ſable hue,
"Much like the ſon of Kiſh, that lofty
"Jew."

A man of whom it might be ſaid,

"There's

" There's something in his soul
" O'er which his melancholy sits, and
" broods."

" Look at the actor ;—and will any body do him the injustice to declare that he is deficient in these qualifications. It would puzzle any author, in any time or country, from Æschylus down, even, to the translator of Lodoiska—and really, gentlemen, I can go no lower—to find a figure and face better suited to the purpose. I have endeavour'd moreover, to pourtray Sir Edward Mortimer as a man stately in his deportment, reserved in his temper, mysterious, cold, and impenetrable, in his manner : and the candid observers, I trust, will allow that Mr. Kemble is thoroughly adequate to such a personation.

" To complete my requisitions, I demanded a performer who could enter into the spirit of a character proceeding upon romantick, half-witted principles, abstracted in his opinions, sophisticated in his reasonings, and who is thrown into situations where his mind and conduct stand, tiptoe, on the extremest verge of probability. Here, surely, I have not mistaken my man ; for if I am able to form any opinion of him, as an actor,—and my opinion, I know, is far from singular,—his chief excellence almost approaches that style which the learned denominate *caricature*. Possibility on the stretch, passion over-leaping it's customary bound, movements of the soul, sullen, or violent, very rarely seen in the common course of things, yet still *may* be seen—in these is his element. As our language is said to have sunk under the vast conception of Milton, so does the modesty of nature suffer a depression beneath the unwieldy imaginings of Mr. Kemble. He seldom deigns to accompany the goddess in her ordinary walks ; when she decently paces the regular path, with a sober step, and a straight person : but he kindly assists her when she is, doubtless, in need of assistance—when she appears out of her way, crazy and crooked.

" The arrogant fault of being more refined than refinement, more proper than propriety, more sensible than sense, which, nine times in ten, will disgust the spectator, becomes frequently, an advantage to him, in characters of the above description.

" In short, Mr. Kemble is a paragon-representative of the *lusus naturæ* : and were Mr. Kemble sew'd up in a skin, to act a hog in a pantomime, he would act a hog with six legs better than a hog with four.

" If any one ask why I chose to sketch a *lusus naturæ*, when it might better become an author to be chaste in his delineation, I can only reply that, I did so to obtain the assistance of Mr. Kemble in his best manner ; and that, now, I do most heartily repent me : for never, sure, did man place the main strength of his building upon so rotten a prop !

" Well, the great actor was discover'd, as Sir Edward Mortimer, in his library. Gloom and desolation sat upon his brow ; and he was habited, from the wig to the shoestring, with the most studied exactness. Had one of King Charles the First s portraits walk'd from it's frame, upon the boards of the theatre, it could not have afforded a truer representation of ancient and melancholy dignity.

" The picture could not have look'd better—but, in justice to the picture, it must also be added, that, the picture could scarcely have acted worse.

" The spectators, who gaped with expectation at his first appearance, yawn'd with lassitude before his first *exit*.

exit. It ſeem'd, however, that illneſs had totally incapacitated him from performing the buſineſs he had undertaken. For his mere illneſs he was entitled to pity; for his conduct under it, he, undoubtedly, deſerved cenſure.

"How can Mr. Kemble, as a manager, and an actor, juſtify his thruſting himſelf forward in a new play, the material intereſt of which reſted upon his own powers, at a moment when he muſt be conſcious that he had no powers at all?—Mr. Kemble owes a duty to the publick, to his employer, and to an author writing for his employer's houſe. How does he treat the claimants upon his ſervice, in this inſtance? Exactly, thus—he inſults the underſtanding of the firſt, and injures the intereſts of the two laſt, by calling in a crowd to an entertainment which he knows he muſt mar.

"I requeſted him, at the end of the firſt act, to order an apology to be made for his indiſpoſition, leſt the uninformed or malicious, might attribute the ponderoſity of the performer to the heavineſs of the author. I was anxious to diſavow all right and title to thoſe pigs of lead which did not belong to me, and of which Mr. Kemble was the juſt proprietor. But, no—he peremptorily declared he would not ſuffer an apology to be made! It ſhould have been made (if at all) before the play began.—Then why was it not made?—He did not, *then*, imagine that illneſs would have diſabled him.—So, then, a man quits his chamber, after an attack which has, evidently, weaken'd him extremely, and he has no bodily feel, no internal monitor, to whiſper to him that he is feeble, and that he has not recover'd ſufficient ſtrength to make a violent exertion! This mode of reaſoning, adopted by Mr. Kemble, is much in the ſpirit of that clown's, who did not know whether he could play on a fiddle 'till he tried. Be it noted, alſo, that Mr. Kemble was ſwallowing his opium pills, *before* the play began, *becauſe he was ill*:—but opium cauſes ſtrange oblivious effects; and theſe pills muſt have occaſion'd ſo ſudden a lapſe in Mr. Kemble's memory, that he forgot when he took them, why he took them, or that he had taken them at all. The doſe muſt have been very powerful. Still, for the reaſons already ſtated, I preſs'd for an apology; ſtill Mr. Kemble continued obſtinate in oppoſing it. His indiſpoſition, he ſaid, was evident; he had cough'd very much upon the ſtage, and an apology would make him "*look like a fool.*"

"Good-nature in exceſs becomes weakneſs; but I never yet found, in the confined courſe of my reading, that good-nature and folly would bear the ſame definition: Mr. Kemble, it ſhould ſeem (and he produced, at leaſt, managerical *authority* for it) conſider'd the terms to be ſynonimous. Freely, however, forgiving him for his unkindneſs, in refuſing to gratify a poor devil of an author,—who, very anxious for his reputation, was very moderate in his requeſt—I do, in all chriſtian charity, moſt ſincerely wiſh that Mr. Kemble may never find greater cauſe to *look like a fool* than an apology for his indiſpoſition.

"At length, by dint of perſeverance, I gain'd my point. A proprietor of the theatre was call'd in upon the occaſion, whoſe mediation in my favour carried more weight with the acting manager than a hapleſs dramatiſt's entreaty; and the apology was, in due form, delivered to the audience.

"One third of the play, only, was yet perform'd; and I was, now, to make up my mind, like an unfortunate traveller, to purſue my painful

painful journey, through two stages more, upon a broken down poster, on whose back lay all the baggage for my expedition. Miserably, and most heavily in hand, did the poster proceed!—He groan'd, he lag'd, he cough'd, he winced, he wheez'd!—Never was seen so sorry a jade! The audience grew completely sour'd, and, once completely sour'd, every thing, naturally, went wrong. They recur'd to their disapprobation of poor Dodd—and observe what this produced. I must relate it.

"Mr. Kemble had just plodded through a scene, regardless of those loud and manifest tokens that the criticks delighted not in the "*drowsy hums*" with which he "*rang night's yawning peal*," when Dodd appear'd to him on the stage; at whose entrance the clamour was renew'd. Then, and *not till then*, did the acting manager, who had been deaf as any post to the supplications of the author for an apology—then did he appear suddenly seized with a fit of good nature. He voluntarily came forward "*to look like a fool*," and beg the indulgence of the town. He fear'd he was the unhappy cause of their disapprobation; he entreated their patience; and hoped he should, shortly, gain strength, to enable them to judge, on a future night, what he handsomely term'd the *merits* of the play. Here was friendship! Here was adroitness! While the publick were testifying their disgust at the piece, through the medium of poor Dodd, Mr. Kemble, with unexampled generosity, took the whole blame upon his own shoulders, and heroically saved the author, by so timely an interposition. I was charm'd with this master-stroke, and, at the impulse of the moment, I thank'd him. But, alas! how narrow is the soul of man! how distrustful in it's movements, how scanty in it's acknowledgments, how perplexing to itself in it's combinations! Had I, afterwards, look'd on the thing simply, and nakedly, by itself, why the thing is a good natured thing: but I must be putting other circumstances by the side of it, with a plague to me! I must be puzzling myself to see if all fits; if all is of a piece. And what is the result?—Miserable that I am! I have lost the pleasure of evincing a gratitude, which I thought I owed, because I no longer feel myself a debtor. Had I abandoned my mind to that placid negligence, that luxurious confidence, which the inconsiderate enjoy, it had never occur'd to me that Mr. Kemble, foreseeing, perhaps, that an aggrieved author might not be totally silent—step'd forward with this speech to the publick, as a kind of *salvo*, (should a statement be made) for his rigidity in the first instance. It had never occur'd to me that Mr. Kemble was sufficiently hiss'd, yawn'd at, laugh'd at, and cough'd down, to have made his apology *before* Mr. Dodd appear'd: it had never occur'd to me that his making his apology at a previous moment would have answer'd the same purpose to *me*, and not to *him*: it had never occur'd, in short, that there is such a thing as ostentatious humility, and a politick act of kindness; and that I should have waited the sequel of a man's conduct, before I thank'd him for one instance of seeming good-will, close upon the heels of stubborn ill-nature, and in the midst of existing, and palpable injury. The sequel will shew that I was premature in my acknowledgment—but before I come to the sequel, a word or two (I will be brief) to close my account of this, the first night's, eventful history. The piece

was concluded, and *given out*, for a ſecond performance with much oppoſition.

"Friends, who never heard the play read, ſhook their heads; friends, who *had* heard it read, ſcarcely knew it again; ſeveral, I doubt not of the impartial, who choſe to be active, actively condemn'd; and enemies, of courſe, rejoiced in an opportunity of joining them.

"No opportunity could be fairer. The play was, at leaſt, a full hour too long; and had *Job* himſelf ſat to hear it, he muſt have loſt his patience. But if, gentle reader, thou poſſeſſeſt *Job*'s quality, and haſt followed me thus far in my narrative, it will appear to thee (for I doubt not thy retention and combination) that I was unable to curtail it effectually, at the proper time—the laſt rehearſals. I was, then, laid flat, my dear friend, as you remember I have told you, by a fever. The acting manager *did* attend the laſt rehearſals, and ſuffered the piece to be produced, *uncut*, to "drag it's ſlow length along" ſurcharged with all his own incapacity, and all his opium.

"How, then, do I ſtand indebted, according to the articles of this night's ſtatement? I owe to Mr. Kemble,

For his illneſs,	COMPASSION.
For his conduct under it,	CENSURE.
For his refuſing to make an apology	A SMILE!
For his making an apology,	A SNEER.
For his management,	A GROAN.
For his acting,	A HISS.

"This account is ſomewhat like the tavern bill, pick'd from Falſtaff's pocket, when he is ſnorting behind the arras. There is but one halfpennyworth of compaſſion to this intolerable deal of blame.

"Now for the ſequel—I have ſhewn, I think, that Mr. Kemble, in the firſt inſtance, undertook a duty which he *could* not perform: I have now to affirm, with all the difficulty of proving a negative full in my face, that he afterwards made a mockery of diſcharging a duty which he *would* not perform.

"After a week's interval, to give him time to recruit his ſtrength; and the author time to curtail, and alter, the play; (for the impreſſion which the miſ-manager and actor, had contrived to ſtamp, rendered alteration neceſſary) it was a ſecond time repreſented.

"I muſt, here, let the uninformed reader into a ſecret;—but I muſt go to Newmarket to make him underſtand me.—No, Epſom will do as well; and that is nearer home.—It often happens, at a race, that a known horſe, from whom good ſport is expected, diſappoints the crowd by *walking over the courſe*.—He does not miſs an inch of the ground; but affords not one jot of diverſion, unleſs ſome pleaſure is received in contemplating his figure. Now, an actor can do the very ſame thing. He can *walk over his part*: he can miſs no more of his words than the horſe does of his way: he can be as dull, and as tedious, and as good-looking as the horſe in his progreſs:—the only difference between the two animals, is,—that the horſe brings in him who bets upon him a gainer; but the luckleſs wight, who has a large ſtake depending upon the actor, is, decidedly, certain to loſe. There is a trick, too, that the jockies practiſe, which is call'd, I think, *playing booty*. This conſiſts in appearing to uſe their utmoſt endeavour to reach the winning-poſt firſt, when they are already determined to come in the laſt. The conſequence is, that all, except the knowing ones, attribute no fault to the jockey, but damn the horſe for a ſluggard.—An actor can *play booty* if he chuſes:—he can pretend to whip

whip and ſpur, and do his beſt, when the connoiſſeur knows, all the while, he is ſhirking:—but Sluggard is the unmerited appellation given by the majority to the innocent author.

"Mr. Kemble chiefly choſe to be horſe, and *walked over the ground*. Every now and then (but ſcarcely enough to ſave appearances) he gave a ſlight touch of the jockey, and *played booty*.

"Whether the language which is put into the mouth of Sir Edward Mortimer be above mediocrity, or below contempt, is not to the preſent purpoſe: but the words he is made to utter certainly convey a meaning; and the circumſtances of the ſcenes afford an opportunity to the performer of playing off his mimick emotions, his tranſitions of paſſion, his ſtarts, and all the trickeries of his trade. The devil a trick did Mr. Kemble play, but a very ſcurvy one! His emotions and paſſions were ſo rare, and ſo feeble, that they ſeaſon'd his general inſipidity, like a ſingle grain of wretched pepper thrown into the largeſt doſe of water-gruel that ever was adminiſter'd to an invalid. For the moſt part, he toil'd on, line after line, in a dull current of undiverſified ſound, which ſtole upon the ear far more drowſily than the diſtant murmurings of Lethe; with no attempt to break the lulling ſtream, or check its ſleep-inviting courſe.

"Frogs in a marſh, flies in a bottle, wind in a crevice, a preacher in a field, the drone of a bagpipe, all, all yielded to the inimitable, and ſoporific monotony of Mr. Kemble!

"The very beſt dramatick writing, where paſſion is expreſs'd, if deliver'd languidly by the actor, will fall in it's intended effect: and I will be bold enough to ſay, that, were the *curſe* in *King Lear* new to an audience, and they heard it utter'd, for the firſt time, in a croak, fainter than a crow's in a conſumption, it would paſs unnotic'd, or appear vapid to the million.

"If I raiſe a critical clatter about my ears, by this aſſertion, which ſome may twiſt into a profanation of Shakſpeare, I leave it to Horace, who can fight battles better than I, to defend me.

"Si dicentis erunt fortunis abſona dicta,
"Romani tollent pedites equiteſque ca-
"chinnum."

"That Mr. Kemble did not miſconceive the part, is certain; for he told me, ſome time before the play was acted, that he fear'd the exertions requiſite, in Sir Edward Mortimer, would ſtrain his lungs more than Octavian, in the Mountaineers.

"That he can ſtrain his lungs to good purpoſe, in Octavian, is well known; and, after this, his own intimation, how will he eſcape the charge of wilful and direct delinquency, when, with ſuch a conception of the part, and with health recover'd, he came forward in the true ſpirit of *Bottom*, and "*aggravated his voice ſo that he roared you as gently as any ſucking dove?*"*

"He inſulted the town, and injured his employer, and the author, ſufficiently in the firſt inſtance; in the ſecond, he added to the inſult and injury an hundred-fold; and as often as he mangled the character, (three or four times, I am uncertain which, after the firſt night's performance,) he heap'd aggravation upon aggravation.

"The moſt miſerable mummer, that ever diſgraced the walls of a theatre, could not have been a ſtronger drawback than Mr. Kemble. He was not only dull in himſelf, but the cauſe of dulneſs in others. Like the baleful Upas of

* Mr. Kemble informed me, previous to the ſecond repreſentation of the play, that he felt himſelf capable of exertion.

 Java,

Java, his pestiferous influence infected all around him.—When two actors come forward, to keep up the shuttlecock of scenick fiction, if one plays slovenly, the other cannot maintain his game. Poor Bannister, jun. would he speak out, (but I have never press'd him, and never shall press him to say a word upon the subject,) could bear ample testimony to the truth of this remark: he suffer'd like a man under the cruelty of Mezentius: all alive himself, he was tied to a corpse, which he was fated to drag about with him, scene after scene, which weigh'd him down, and depress'd his vigour. Miss Farren, too, who might animate any thing but a soul of lead, and a face of iron, experienced the same fate.

"I could proceed, and argue, and reason, and discuss, and tire the reader, as I have tired myself, (it is now, my good friend, one o'clock in the morning,) to prove, further, that Mr Kemble was unfound in my cause, and that he ruin'd my play:—but I will desist here. I think I have *noted* enough to manifest that my arguments are not unfounded.

"They who are experienced in *dramaticks* will, I trust, see that I have made a fair *extenuation* of myself—they who are impartial will, I hope, be convinced that I have set down *aught in malice*.

"The only question that may arise to shake, materially, the credit of all I have said is——"How is it probable that Mr. Kemble should injure you thus, without provocation? Is it in nature? Is it in man?" I can merely answer that I am unconscious of having given him cause for provocation;—that if I have given him cause, he has taken a bad mode of revenge; that Mr. Kemble's nature has frequently puzzled me in my observation upon it; and that I think him a very *extraordinary man*.

But let him take this with him, should this crudely written preface ever fall in his way. I have committed it to paper *currente calamo*. I mean no allusion, no epithet, to apply to him as a private individual. As a private individual I give him not that notice which it might, here, be impertinent to bestow:—but I have an undoubted right to discuss his merits, or demerits, in his public capacities of manager and actor: and my cause of complaint gives me a good reason as well as a right. His want of conduct, his neglect, his injustice, his oppression, his finesse, his person, his face, are, in this point of view, all open to my animadversion.

"He is my goods, my chattels;
"My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing."

"And I would animadvert still further, did I not think I had already said sufficient to gain the object of guarding my own reputation. That object has solely sway'd me in dwelling so long upon a "plain tale," encumber'd with so fatiguing a hero as John Kemble."

The WIT OUTWITTED;—*a recent Fact.*

A Consequential Fidler lately went into the bar of an inn, near a small market town in the county of Shropshire, on the banks of the Team, (remarkable for its excellent accommodations,) and, with an air of importance, ordered his breakfast to be taken into the parlour; in addition to the tea equipage he ordered also a chick in its shell to be stewed in its own gravy; the master of the inn hearing him give this order to the waiter, and being a man of humour, immediately went to his stable yard, where he had some hens sitting, and produced an egg with a chick in it, and served it up as his guest had

had ordered, placing himself in a situation where he could observe the effects of his cookery: the wit tapped the egg, and vauntingly began to partake of it, but the immediate consequence was, that it operated like tartar emetic, and he began to be ashamed of his arrogant folly. The landlord then ordered his waiter, to refer the gentleman to him to pay for his breakfast, which he did, when, with a grave countenance, he told his guest, the tea and bread and butter was tenpence, and the stewed chick, which was then a dear article, (it being their races,) was one shilling. The money was paid, and the gentleman departed; but although he had more than he possibly could eat, the reader may suppose he was not very well satisfied.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

OBSERVING, in your Magazine for June, a gentle hint, that the pedigree and performances of Bennington, would be acceptable, I have taken the liberty to send you them.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your's, &c.

Catterick, July 28, 1796. J. L.

BENNINGTON

Was got by Rockingham; his dam by Lord Algernon Percy's Arabian, Herod, Snap. His dam also bred Brown Bess, Ralpho, Master Ralph, Somebourne, &c.

In 1794, Bennington, the first time of starting, won 50l. on Wednesday, in the second spring meeting, at Newmarket; for three yr old colts, 8st. 2lb. fillies, 8st.—R. M.; beating Paynator, Paroquet, Cockchafer, and six others,—9 to 5 agst Paynator, and 7 to 2 agst Bennington. The second October meeting, he won the fifth of five classes, a stakes of 100gs each, 8st. 4lb. each,—D. I.—four subscribers; beating Dædalus and another—6 to 4 on Dædalus. In the Houghton meeting, he won the main of five classes, a stakes of 100gs each,—D. I.—7 subscribers,—carrying 8st. 4lb. beating Moorcock, 8st. 4lb. Capsicum, 8st. 4lb. Dædalus, 8st. 1lb. Brother Redcap, 8st. 1lb. and a colt of Sir H. Fetherstone's, by Diomed, 8st. 4lb. The same meeting, then three years old, carrying 8st. beat Teucer, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9½lb.—D. M.—100gs,—6 to 4 on Bennington.

In 1795, Bennington won the second class of the Oatland stakes, of 50gs each, h. ft.—D. I.—19 subscribers,—with 60gs from those who declared ft. in the Houghton meeting, carrying 8st. beating Silver, 8st. 12lb. Stirling, 8st. 11lb. Repeator, 7st. 3lb. Don Quixote, 8st. 10lb. Doricles, 8st. Play or Pay, 7st. 9lb. Oateater, 7st. Kitten, 6st. and Ld Egremont's colt, by Highflyer, out of Camilla, 8st.—7 to 4 agst Bennington. He is still in training.

Pedigree and Performances of LURCHER*, OVERTON, *and* COMET.

Lurcher, foaled in 1789, was got by Dungannon, his dam by Vertumnus, Compton Barb, sister to Regulator, by Careless, Cullen Arab, Grisewood's Lady Thigh, by Partner, Greyhound, Sophonesba's dam, by the Curwen bay barb, D'Arcy Arabian, Whiteshirt, Montagu mare.

In 1789, Lurcher won 50l. at Ascot Heath, for three yr old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st. 1lb.—heats, the old mile, beating, at four heats, Volanté, Mademoiselle, Snarle, Grecian, Chaffinch, Lyricus, and another.

* A capital portrait of this famous racer has already been given in vol. 2, p. 204.

another. At Stockbridge, he won a ſtakes of 20gs each, for three yr old colts, 8ſt. the laſt mile, 10 ſubſcribers; beating Hamlet, St. George (by Anvil), Pandolpho, and another. At Wincheſter, he won a ſtakes of 20gs each, for three yr old colts, 8ſt. laſt mile, 11 ſubſcribers; beating Felix, Pandolpho, and another. At Lewes, he won a ſweepſtakes of 10gs each, for three yr old colts, 8ſt. 2lb. fillies, 8ſt. 10 ſubſcribers—laſt mile and a half; beating Equity, Treecreeper, and another. He was then ſold to C. Wilſon, eſq. In 1793, at the firſt ſpring meeting, at Newmarket, he won a ſtakes of 500gs each, 8ſt. 5lb. each, D. I. beating Kit Carr, and Ormond,—even betting on Lurcher. On Saturday, in the ſame week, he won a ſtakes of 200gs each, h. ft. D. I. 3 ſubſcribers, then three years old, carrying 7ſt. beating Pipator, 6 yrs old, 8ſt. 5lb.—3 to 1 on Lurcher. The ſecond ſpring meeting, he beat Lord Clermont's Speculator, 8ſt. 5lb. each, acroſs the flat, 200gs,—7 to 4 on Lurcher.

In 1794, he won the firſt claſs of the Oatland ſtakes of 500gs, h. ft. D. I. 21 ſubſcribers; beating Lilliput, Aimator, Cinnabar, Silver, St. George, Prunella, Keren Happuch, Polyanthus, Broughton, Cymbeline, Monkey, Screveton, and Dalham,—9 to 1 agſt Lurcher. The firſt ſpring meeting, he won the main of the Oatland ſtakes of 200gs each, D. I. beating Druid, —6 to 5 on Lurcher. Second ſpring meeting, he received 150gs ft. from Teucer, 7ſt. 7lb. Lurcher, 8ſt. 2lb. D. I. 300gs each, 200 ft.

OVERTON

Was foaled in 1788, and got by King Fergus, his dam by King Herod, Snip, ſiſter to Regulus, by the Godolphin Arabian, Grey Robinſon, by the Bald Galloway, Snake, out of Old Wilkes, a daughter of Old Hautboy.

In 1791, he won 100l at Doncaſter, for three and four yr olds, beating, at two heats, Pencil, Huby, and Liberty,—5 to 4 on Pencil.

In 1792, at York Auguſt meeting, Overton won a ſtakes of 100gs each, h. ft. colts, 8ſt. 4lb. four miles, 13 ſubſcribers, beating Reſtleſs and Colchis,—7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Overton. The ſame week, he won the great ſubſcription of 295l. for four yr old colts, 8ſt. 7lb. fillies, 8ſt 4lb. four miles; beating Roſalind, Roſamond, Storm, Halbert, and Bandy,—3 to 1 agſt Overton. In September, at 8ſt. 7lb. he beat Halbert, 7ſt. 7lb. both four yr olds, 4 miles, over York race courſe, for 300gs,—6 to 4 on Overton, who took the lead a little time after ſtarting, and never was once headed.

In 1794, at York Auguſt meeting, carrying 7ſt. 12lb. he beat Halbert, 7ſt. 7lb. both ſix yr olds, 2 miles, 200gs,—6 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Halbert. He is now a ſtallion in Mr. Hutchinſon's ſtud, at Shipton, near York.

COMET.

Comet was bred by Mr. Welburne, of Muſton, Beverly, Yorkſhire, and foaled in 1788; got by Phœnomenon, out of Columbine, by Eſperſykes, Babraham Blank, Starling, Lonſdale, Bay Arab, Cyprus Arab. Baſto.

In 1792, Comet, then 4 years old, the firſt time of ſtarting, won 50l. at York ſpring meeting, for 3 and 4 yr olds,—heats, laſt mile and a quarter; beating, at three heats, Butterfly, Jeſſica, Bacchus, and ſix others,—Comet the favourite. At Hull, he won 50l. for all ages,—4-mile heats; beating Grog, who ran

ran off the course,—5 to 1 on Comet. At New Malton, he won 50l. for three and four yr olds, carrying 5lb. extra, beating, at two heats, Symmetry, Meanwell, and Catharine,—2 to 1 on Comet. The next day he won 50l. for all ages,—3-mile heats, at two heats, beating Rosalind and Grog,—6 to 4 on Rosalind,—after the heat, 2 to 1 on Comet.

In 1793, Comet won a stakes of 20gs each, 2 miles, 5 subscribers, at York spring meeting, beating Overton,—3 to 1 on Overton. The next day, he won 50l. for all ages,—4 miles, beating Restless, Grenadier, and Corporal,—5 to 2 on Comet. In the August meeting, at York, then 5 years old, he won the King's plate, for 6 yr olds, 12st. four miles, beating Ploughboy,—10 to 1 on Comet. He was then sold to Lord Darlington, for 1200gs, and started twice afterwards; but a misfortune happened, which prevented him from racing well afterwards. He is now a stallion, at Raby Castle.

Description of the Dancing Girls *in the* East Indies.

MR. Campbell, in his journey over-land to India, thus describes these wanton characters:

"Leaving Anjengo," says he, "I set out for Madras, designing to go all the way by land—a journey of near eight hundred miles. I accordingly struck through the kingdom of Travancore, whose sovereign is in alliance with the English; and had not long entered the territories of the nabob of Arcot, before Major Macneal, an old friend of mine, and commandant of a fort in that district, met me, preceded by a troop of dancing girls, who encircled my palanquin, dancing around me until I entered the Major's house.

"It would be difficult to give you an adequate notion of those dancing girls. Trained up from their infancy to the practice of the most graceful motions, the most artful display of personal symmetry, and the most wanton allurements, they dance in such a style, and twine their limbs and bodies into such postures, as bewitch the senses, and extort applause and admiration where in strictness disapprobation is due: nor is their agility inferior to the grace of their movements—though they do not exert it in the same skipping way that our stage dancers do, but make it subservient to the elegance, and, I may say, grandeur, of their air. They are generally found in troops of six or eight, attended by musicians, whose aspect and dress are as uncouth and squalid, as the sounds they produce under the name of music are inelegant, harsh and dissonant. To this music, from which measure as much as harmony is excluded, they dance, most wonderfully adapting their step to the perpetual change of the time, accompanying it with amorous songs, while the correspondent action of their body and limbs, the wanton palpitation and heaving of their exquisitely formed bosoms, and the amorous, or rather lascivious expression of their countenance, excite in the spectators emotions not very favourable to chastity. Thus they continue to act, till, by the warmth of exercise and imagination, they become seemingly frantic with ecstacy, and, sinking down motionless with fatigue, throw themselves into the most alluring attitudes that ingenious vice and voluptuousness can possibly devise.

"That such incitements to vice should make a part of the system of any society, is to be lamented: yet, at all ceremonies and gr at occasions, whether of religious worship or

or domeftic enjoyment, they make a part of the entertainment; and the altar of their gods, and the purity of the marriage rites, are alike polluted by the introduction of the dancing girls. The impurity of this cuftom, however, vanifhes in India, when compared with the hideous practice of introducing dancing *boys*.

VAUXHALL ROWING MATCH.

JULY 28, the annual wherry, given by the proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens, was rowed for by feven pair of oars, who were diftinguifhed in the following manner.

	Spots.
William Brumwell, Vauxhall Richard Edmonds, ditto -	1
John Scott, Hungerford - - Thomas Eafton, Bankfide -	2
John Cox, Strand-lane - - William Shephard, Hungerford	3
Henry Cox, Strand-lane - John Fofter, Standgate - -	4
Ifaac Wood, Hungerford - John Leefon, Horfe-ferry - -	5
William Steward, Bankfide - William Hawkins, Three Cranes	6
Thomas Holmes, Hungerford - Thomas Thornbury, Bankfide	7

The fignal for the firft heat was given foon after five, when Forfter and Cox got the ftart, and took the lead nearly as far as Weftminfter Bridge. Shephard and Cox then gained upon them, but in going round the boat off Lambeth, Scott and Eafton paffed both, and were the winners, though by lefs than a boat's length advantage over Shephard and Cox.—At the commencement of the fecond heat, Scott and Eafton, Steward and Hawkins, Brumwell and Edmonds, were equal for about two hundred yards. Scott and Eafton then gained a ftart of half a boat's length, when the two others fouled each other, from which they never recovered. Eafton and his partner won this heat by about thirty yards; and the match was, of courfe, concluded.

The river was crowded with boats, and the car was exhibited with all its cuftomary effect.

POLITICAL SPORTING.

Sir HARRY DIMSDALE'*s* ADDRESS *to the* ELECTORS *of* GARRAT, *at the late* ELECTION.

"To the worthy, independent, and well-drefs'd Electors of the Borough of Garrat,

"*Gemmen*,

"IT becomes a candidate to addrefs his conftituents in gentlemanly language. I therefore call you *worthy*, though you are *worth nothing*, and *well-drefs'd*, though I know you to be *ragged*. I alfo call you *independent*, for, as far as regards *property*, you are, no doubt, as *independent* as any of my friend Charley Fox's electors.

"Gemmen, if you do not *come it rumly*, I fhall be *difh'd*. *Go it* well, or I *brufh*, and it will be all *dicky* with me! Remember that your country is at war, and if you do not "*war hawk*," you will find yourfelves *in the fuds*.

"My opponent, Jobfon, of Drury Lane, is only a *cobler*, and his politics are all *patch-work*. He is a fupporter of the war, which he fays is for the fake of your *foles*, however it may facrifice your *bodies*. He knows that the Auftrians *wax* weary of fighting; but the rafcal, acting out of his profeffion, does not think of bringing the conteft to an *end*. *Are you down?* I am *up*, I can affure you. *Stag* what may happen, if we fhould be *queer'd* of a reform. Gentlemen, we all want a reform. Take a *glim* at your *duds*, and if you are in the leaft *leary*,

leary, you must go *strait forward* to reform.

"Though I am no aristocrate, I can not put myself upon a *footing* with this cobler; but Sir George Cook presents himself as a nobler adversary. He promises to *reduce* the price of *gin* at the Spread Eagle, at Wandsworth, and the Mitre at Westminster Bridge,—but in my mind, we are *reduced* enough already, and if you choose me, whatever may be the attraction of Lady Cook and her daughters, I *pledge* my word (which, in truth, is the only thing I have to pop, all the rest being *in*) that you shall in future have a pot of porter for a *penny*, and for a *cripple*, you shall get 'as drunk as David's sow.'

"Damn me, Gentlemen, if I am not

"Your obedient servant,

"Sir HARRY DIMSDALE,

"Knt. and Bart."

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

A MARGATE ANECDOTE.

A FEW weeks since, a young citizen, on his way to this fashionable watering place, in the stage coach, had, by his conversation and behaviour, rendered himself so obnoxious to his fellow travellers, that, while his back was accidentally turned, a plot was laid to punish him. When he resumed his place, each was complaining of the disorders which carried them to Margate, in hopes of finding a cure from bathing in the sea; and a dismal recital it was. "But what, alas!" said an arch wag, "are your misfortunes to mine? in comparison, but a mere sing-song; it has been my hard fate to be most terribly bitten by a mad dog, and I expect, every moment, to feel the direful effects of it. Pray God I may get to Margate time enough to be dipped in the salt water before the fit comes on!" The scheme succeeded to their utmost wishes, and the hero, whose tongue had run in admiration of his own wit, in a moment, turned pale and silent. "Nay, pray, sir," says the other, "do not be frightened,—for, if it should happen, which God forbid while we are in the coach together, you will have time enough to escape, for I shall certainly bark very loud, like a dog, before I bite any one." Matters being a little reconciled, all went on pretty peaceably, till the machine was in the long water, at Sturry-mill, near Canterbury, when, of a sudden, a most dismal howl and barking began, with strong apparent agonies, and convulsive snatchings of the jaws. The company seemed to be sadly terrified, and the poor cockney, judging it prudent of two evils to chuse the less, jumped into the river, almost up to his neck, rather than run the hazard of a bite of fearful nature; after which, he scrambled out in the best manner he was able, and took the first and most ready conveyance to Margate; but unhappily, the story was there before him, and he was so persecuted by having *bow wow* continually rung in his ears, even by the boys in the street, that he soon decamped, leaving the company to deplore the loss of so facetious and accomplished a *buck*.

Surprizing Relation of a STAG *shot through the* HEART.

IN September, 1686, being the rutting season, as Frederick William, elector of Brandenburgh, and his electress, Dorothea, were hunting after dinner, in an open chair, at Golze, about half a mile from Custrin on the Oder, they saw, about a hundred paces off, a very

very ſtately ſtag, ſtanding with his heap pointing from them, but his left ſide preſented toward the left ſide of the chair. Her moſt ſerene highneſs took aim, and ſhot him with a leaden bullet, whereupon the creature made off ſlowly about three or four hundred paces, loſing a great deal of blood, then tottered, dragged his left fore leg, and took into a ditch, where M. Conſart, the elector's gun-ſmith, by the help of a ſpaniel, found him ſtanding, and at thirty paces diſtant, by the elector's order, lodged another ball in the back part of his head, and, finding him ſtill to keep his legs, advanced ſix paces nearer, and lodged a third juſt under his left ear, when the ſtag dropt as dead, and lay without motion. In this condition, Conrad, a foreſter, and Frobenius, the elector's maſter of the horſe, hauled him out of the ditch, and brought him near the chair, which was now arrived. The elector commanded Frobenius and Conrad to look for the wound the electreſs had firſt given him, which they found had entered cloſe by the upper end of the bone of the left fore leg, juſt under the ſhoulder blade, and traced it with their fingers into the cavity of the breaſt, on towards the right ſide. The foreſter was ſent to borrow a cart of ſome people in the neighbourhood, which came in about three quarters of an hour, the ſtag lying all this while on the ground for dead. The country fellows turned him from one ſide upon his belly, and, laying hold of his horns, lifted his head into the cart, when, juſt as they were on the point of raiſing the body, the ſtag got upon his feet, ſprung away from them, and, to the amazement and conſternation of every one preſent, traverſed the fields with incredible ſwiftneſs. They then purſued him near two miles towards the Oder, with hounds, which there ſurrounded him, and ſtopped his progreſs, when the foreſter coming up, ſhot him in the hinder part of the back; notwithſtanding which, he made an effort towards a further eſcape, but was ſeized, and killed by the dogs at laſt, and then brought to the elector's lodge at Golze, where the hunters opened the carcaſe, and, to their farther aſtoniſhment, found the heart perforated quite through, which, as a great curioſity, they preſented to their moſt ſerene electoral highneſſes, who gave directions that it ſhould be carefully examined by their phyſicians, Dr. Willick, and Dr. March. Theſe gentlemen reported, that the ball had penetrated the poſterior part of the heart, and paſſed through the middle of the right, a portion of the left ventricle, and made its exit through the anterior part of the heart, under the right auricle, the wound being large enough to admit a finger, and that the fleſhy fibres of the heart were conſiderably lacerated and contuſed.

Sporting Arts.

EVEN the late excellent publication of PASQUIN, affords no once inſtance, where the *infantine* genius has made ſuch GIGANTIC ſtrides to excellence, as in the caſe of Mr. MARSHALL, now ſo rapidly riſing into profeſſional reputation; whoſe tranſlation from obſcurity to the *preſence* and *patronage* of MAJESTY, is perhaps without a parallel in hiſtory. It is no more than five years, ſince he bid adieu to the ruſtic ſcenes of Leiceſterſhire, and, under the recommendation of Mr. POCHIN, the member for that county, became the attentive and induſtrious pupil of the juſtly celebrated

brated Mr. ABBOTT, whose portraits, for likeness and execution, are equal to any in Europe. Here he continued till about two years since, when, under the pressing persuasions of Mr. TAPLIN, he became a *trembling* dependent upon the *caprice* of *individuals*, and an *humble* solicitant for PUBLIC PROTECTION: for this gentleman, he painted family PORTRAITS, and *specimens* of HORSES, of such *spirit, effect*, and *description*, that they insured his success and collateral recommendation in every direction. The universality of his genius seems to have gone hand in hand with the bold and masterly stroke of his colouring; a circumstance amply justified by the portrait of the Marquis of Hartington, and a painting of Chiswick House, for the DUCHESS; as well as a favourite hunter for the DUKE of DEVONSHIRE. It will not be hazarding too bold a conjecture, to predict his early co-EQUALITY with GILPIN, particularly when the *three pictures* just finished, of a beautiful BULL, COW, and HORSE, for his MAJESTY, are esteemed *equal* to *any* ever produced by a native of this country. It is success in the execution obtained him the honor of an introduction to their Majesties, and the whole of the Princesses, on the Saturday before their departure for Weymouth, where, in an interview of near an hour, he received the most handsome and flattering encomiums upon his promised perfection in an art, from which it is now natural to conclude he will derive NATIONAL HONOR in proportion to PERSONAL EMOLUMENT.

The Princess Royal at the request of his Majesty, most condescendingly produced her different drawings, and not only submitted them to his inspection, but solicited his critical remarks upon the execution.

Mr. HENRY WESTON.

OF this unfortunate young man's trial and conviction for forgery, we have made mention in our Magazine for June last, page 154. It remains now for us to state, that he suffered death before the debtor's door of Newgate, on Wednesday, the 6th of July. When he appeared on the platform, he never took his handkerchief from before his face, till the moment of drawing the cap over his eyes. Some fruitless efforts had been made to save him: a petition was addressed to the throne, and another to the Prince of Wales, but both in vain. He was nearly related to the late Sir Hugh Palliser, and cousin german to the present Sir Hugh Palliser Walters. Amongst his private friends, was the Rev. Dr. William Wynn, Chaplain in Ordinary to the Prince of Wales, who, since his death, has published a sermon, entitled "Mercy and Judgment:—a Discourse, preached at Great Queen Street Chapel, Lincoln's-inn Fields, on Sunday, the 10th of July, 1796, by the Rev. Dr. William Wynn, Chaplain in Ordinary to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, &c. upon the untimely fate of Mr. Henry Weston." After a number of pious and applicable reflections on the goodness of God, and the excellence of the laws of the country, admitting in the fullest degree the propriety and justice of the sentence of Weston, he in course proceeds to describe his character as follows:

"With such views alone I shall draw in part the errors and frailties of this devoted offender from their dread abode—That in his portrait the ingenuous at the opening period of their lives, may be warned against the net that ensnared him—till it clung to him with intricacies which could never be disentangled—and

 produced

produced in the effort a ſhifting habit of expedients at the impulſe of the moment, upheld by addreſs unexampled, againſt an earlier detection, but in the very nature of it—ſuicide, long before he had ripened into perfect man.

"The time was that he was admired, careſſed, and beloved by the innocent and the virtuous—his manners were enchanting and the ſtamp of univerſal currency, with which nature had impreſſed them, was in truth a misfortune: they enſured him dominion over every mind connected with him—it was impoſſible to withhold or to limit the confidence repoſed in him: ſuch were the faſcinating charm of his deportment and of his temper. If he had been ſuſpected, if he had been kept at a diſtance from the perils of truſt (the deepeſt and the moſt critical) when he was, comparatively, a child, he would have perhaps been as clear in every moral virtue as generous in every ſocial affection.

"Upon one rock alone—a too early confidence—his integrity firſt foundered.—He had by accident at the intereſting (though ſhort) period that ſeparates the youth from the boy, a power of taking liberties with a fund impreſted into his hand for others—a power which (from the extent and the nature of the ſubject) half aſſured him of impunity, if he ſhould uſe ſome trifling parts of it, as his own. On the other hand, his talents and his manners, which had placed him in this trembling ſtate for his integrity, had alſo acquired a general partiality for him among the rich and faſhionable of his own age, with whom his liberal education, his poliſhed manners, and the luſtre of his talents in literature, had made him familiar.

"Here was a complicated ſnare for him—To ſuſtain a connection ſo flattering to vanity, or in ſome views to his ambition, he was tempted by his command over the intruſted fund, in trifling ſums, to appropriate the right of others, trifles in amount—but to principle a death's blow. His life has the air of a romantic fable; but the moral it leaves behind it, will ſtrike home to the occupations, the duties, and the feelings of man, through every department of the moral and ſocial world around us. It happened fatally for him, and was the ſeal of his doom, that in the next period of his life, a man above all praiſe, for generous affections, received him into his houſe, and very ſoon afterwards into his heart, though he knew every ſhade of his original imprudence. He found him well informed, clear and punctual in his accounts; the reſult was almoſt immediate, that he intruſted him with a dangerous, though limited, controul over his Bank: adventure in the funds, with a part of the ſums which he had thus acquired the general power to receive, began the ſhort and rapid career. He loſt; and ſhame led him into more adventure, enſnaring him with a deceitful hope of reinſtating his loſſes. Every new effort was a new labyrinth of diſtreſs. He was irredeemably deſtroyed in two or three 'little years' of his youthful courſe. Play was then adopted as a deſperate expedient—it was equally miſchievous to him, and plunged him into artifices which betrayed him in the end into the fatal graſp of penal juſtice *before he had arrived at the age of twenty-three!*

"Be aſſured this young man was not radically vicious, he was not extravagant, he was not fond of play: he was liberal, friendly, compaſſionate, gentle, and benevolent"

THE FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

A Provincial correfpondent has tranfmitted us the following ludicrous advertifement, fetting forth the modern (and, he fays, it has been found a fuccefsful) method of difpofing of an unruly wife, which we infert in this place:

"To be fold, for *five fhillings*, my wife, Jane Hebband. She is ftoutly built, ftands firm on her paf-terns, and is found wind and limb. She can fow and reap, hold a plough, and drive a team, and would anfwer any ftout, able man, that can hold a *tight rein*, for fhe is damned *hard mouthed* and head-ftrong; but if properly managed, would either lead or drive as tame as a rabbit. She now and then, if not watched, will make a *falfe ftep*. Her hufband parts with her becaufe fhe is too much for him.—Enquire of the printer.—N. B. All her body clothes will be given with her."

One of the new batch of peers lately applied at the Herald's Office, to have that badge of honour, arms, painted for his coach. Being afked what kind of arms, the anfwer was,—"fomething new and fmart." But not knowing from what family he fprung, and of courfe unable to point out any thing great being done by his anceftors, the herald was at a lofs how to accommodate him, until he recollected one memorable event of his father, which was, that when a prifoner in *Old Ludgate*, he made his efcape by means of a rope from a window. The herald to this faid, "Did he? Then, fir, you are of a very ancient family. You are defcended in a direct line from *King Lud!*"

A celebrated lottery-office keeper, at the Royal Exchange, has lately received a letter from a country gentleman with the following fuperfcription—"To the HIGH CHANCE-SELLER OF ENGLAND, at his office in Cornhill."

A ftraight-haired convert to methodifm, giving his opinion on the late fucceffes of the French, faid, that from all their undertakings turning out as they did, it was evident *the hands of the Lord were with them*; if that is the cafe, replied the perfon to whom he made the remark, *the legs of the Lord* muft furely be with the Auftrians, for they *run* as well as the others *fight*.

At a *fête*, given lately on Ham Common, by the *delicate* Countefs of P——, a fmock was offered to be run for by young women. Several daughters of farmers in the neighbourhood having been drawn thither by curiofity, it was fuppofed, becaufe they were evidently not women of fafhion, that they would readily run for it; and the prize was propofed to them. But one of them, probably not lefs refpectable than her ladyfhip, replied, "that they had come there only as fpectators, and had thought to fee her ladyfhip and her company *run the race.*"

Forty years ago, the then celebrated duellift, Martin, of Galway, in Ireland, killed a Mr. Jolly, of the fame town, by running him through the body without any provocation, Jolly having no other weapon of defence than a billiard mace. For this offence he was tried, and notwithftanding a ftrong charge from the judge, and the moft pofitive evidence of the fact, the jury acquitted him. Some time after this, Martin was ftanding at a coffee-houfe door in Dublin, and feeing a man go by in a cart to the gallows,

gallows, he asked a shoe-black who stood near him, "What that fellow was to be hanged for?" The shoe-black (who knew Martin) replied with great archness, "An please your honour, *for want of a Galway Jury.*"

The late Mr. Francis Care, of Dublin, remarkable for his attachment to the fair sex, and *not* unremarkable for the strength of his understanding, having entered into a connection with the noted Fanny N——, hired her a very smart equipage, and suitable establishment. One day they were airing on the Parade, and Fanny, who in every respect had taken *the reins into her own hands*, was driving along at a furious rate, when they were met by Mr. H. the banker.—"Bless me, Fanny," said he, "what are you about?"—"Only," replied she, "following the maxim of the old song—*driving dull care away.*"

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

I CONCEIVE you will readily coincide with me in opinion, that the VETERINARY COLLEGE, in its institution, held forth a prospect of great national utility; as well as that all *promises* made by DIRECTORS, GOVERNORS, or COMMITTEES, should be as inviolably preserved, and as faithfully performed to the PUBLIC, as when a similar contract is made, or pledge of honor given between one individual and another. It is through the medium of your impartial publication, that I presume to remind the conductors of that institution, that it is now *four years* since they promised, in their *prospectus*, an "ANNUAL VOLUME of their medical transactions;" no such, I BELIEVE, has *yet* been submitted to public inspection,—whether from the great difficulty of representation, or the *not* having any thing to *represent*, it is not for you or me to decide, but TIME may probably discover.——I am, Gentlemen,

Your constant reader and
A subscriber to the college,
AB ORIGINE.

August 15, 1796.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

BY inserting the underwritten, you will oblige

A CONSTANT CORRESPONDENT.

Farnham, Surry.

MY dog, Ponto, came to me this morning, with a paper in his mouth, and, wagging his tail, dropped it at my feet; it contains a petition to the higher powers, which humbly sheweth,

"That your petitioners have, time immemorial, administered to the pleasures of the lords of the earth,—have been their faithful companions in their deepest distress, and remained firm in their friendship to them when all their human acquaintance had forsaken them; faithful to the beggar, as well as the monarch, performing the kindly office of directing his uncertain steps, when the sun's glorious rays have no longer had any charms for him. Must the whole canine race be taxed? must the little black ones, once the favorites of a king,—shall the pleasure-administering pointer, the faithful spaniel, the honest mastiff, and fondled lap-dog, all be taxed to preserve a poor existence? Consider, your honors; hear us, your honors; we have no friend or advocate; we are not represented,

presented, which was a ſufficient plea in the laſt war by the mongrels of America; it is, your honors, a maxim in law, that none ſhall be condemned unheard; hearken unto us, and we will convince you we have been cruelly and unjuſtly treated by one of your SAD DOGS."

IMPROVEMENTS *in* FARRIERY, *by* JUVENILE *Practitioners of the* NEW SCHOOL.

A Valuable carriage horſe has been FIRED on the *wrong leg* for a CURB; the owner ſtanding by, and abſolutely permitting the error, rather than counteract ſo *incontrovertible* a proof of the practitioner's JUDGMENT and *dexterity*.

SIXTY pails of *pump water*, thrown over a poor devil in a *kill* or *cure* ſtate of deſperation; which indignant *ducking* the mortified patient took in ſo much *dudgeon*, that, upon being re-inſtated in his ſtall, he gave a ſingle groan of regret, and *departed* immediately.

A ſtale ball ſticking in the paſſage, has been extracted from the GULLET by INCISION, and with no ſmall ſhare of *momentary* exultation on the part of the OPERATOR at his ſucceſs; which, however, proved exceedingly *ſhort lived*, for the animal felt himſelf ſo much *hurt* at the "EXPERIMENT," that he made a *haſty exit*, conceiving himſelf (in the *technical* language of a WAR miniſter) to have been PROFESSIONALLY "killed off."

THEATRE FRANCAIS.

THE *ci-devant Theatre Francais*, ſituated near the Luxembourg, is about to be re-opened. The Executive Directory have leaſed it out for thirty years to a company who are obliged by the terms of the leaſe,

1. To reſtore the interior of the theatre to its former ſtate. (It is known that previouſly to the changes introduced by a bad taſte, the ſtage of the *Theatre Francais* was the beſt formed of any ſtage in Paris.)

2. To procure the beſt actors of all kinds.

3. To form a kind of dramatic ſchool or inſtitute, in which the beſt maſters ſhall teach declamation and ſinging.

4. To let the theatre be at the diſpoſal of the government, whenever national fetes are to be given, or prizes to be delivered to men of talents.

5. To place in the hands of a government treaſurer, the ſums proceeding from the acting of pieces, the authors of which ſhall be dead. Theſe ſums are to form a fund for the granting of penſions to ſuperannuated authors and diſtinguiſhed actors.

This new dramatic eſtabliſhment has taken the name of *Odeon*, on account, no doubt, of the concerts, that are to be performed from time to time on the ſtage, and of the ſchool for declamation and ſinging that is to be eſtabliſhed in the theatre.

Odeon is a greek word; there was at Athens a magnificent theatre of that name, where, at a particular feaſt, prizes were diſtributed to the muſicians who had diſtinguiſhed themſelves the moſt in their art.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

THE alterations now doing there are improvements. 1. The entrance from Bow ſtreet is to be under the octagon room. 2. The entrance will be above five feet high, and the ſtairs riſe from it on each ſide, like the

the ſtaircaſe to the green boxes. 3. The octagon room is to be no longer a room for paſſage, but ſhut on both ſides, as an aſſembly-room, or the coffee-room at the Opera. 4. On the piazza ſide, the entrance is to be widened from five to nine feet; and the head-way on the door of entrance is to be raiſed three feet. 5. The lobby at the back of the front boxes is not to be widened. 6. It ſhould be widened, and it might be widened, by throwing it into the narrow long room there. 7. On the firſt floor there will be much improvement.—The lobby from four will be widened to fifteen feet, with two fire places, and windows ſo as to warm the paſſages, or to cool them.—The ſeven boxes in the centre are to have ſix rows inſtead of three. 8. Ditto on the ſecond floor.—The fire-places and windows are to be the ſame as on the firſt floor. 9. The treaſury, removed by theſe alterations, is to be near Bow-ſtreet old paſſage. 10. Theſe improvements will coſt about 3000l.

The ROYAL CHASE.

THE STAG HOUNDS under JOHNSON, and the HARRIERS under DAVIES, will, like the court band, be "all tune! all prepared!" againſt the King's return from Weymouth, when both packs will begin to hunt for the ſeaſon. The firſt public day, with the former, will be on Holyrood day, September 25, on which thoſe HUNTERS that intend entering for the King's 100gs at Aſcot, muſt take the *firſt* of their TEN qualification tickets. This plate, hitherto given for only ſix years old and aged, has undergone alterations, and is now to be run for by all ages, thoſe that have been trained, but have not won, being admitted. The harriers are (as they ſhould be under ſuch management) the beſt in England; their game can never ſtand *long before them*. Six to one, is the offer in favour of the hounds, ſo ſoon as the hare is ſtarted; a bet that may always be had of the huntſman by any gentleman willing to take it. Notwithſtanding the full force of royal protection, hares are ſcarce in the diſtrict; and poachers ſo much defy all the watching of game keepers, that, upon old GASCOYNE's bragging of his *vigilance*, they puniſhed his CONFIDENCE by not only killing the HARES round his lodge, but by ſtripping his garden of the very *cabbages* alſo.

LONGEVITY *of a* HORSE.

THE following is perhaps an unheard-of inſtance in natural hiſtory; and as ſuch, we give it to our numerous readers, and can vouch for its truth:—

Lately died, at Barnſtaple, in Devonſhire, a cheſnut ſtone-horſe, in the thirty-ninth year of his age. He was well known in many hunts more than thirty years ago. The gentleman in whoſe poſſeſſion he died, bought him at two years old; at which time of life he took him to houſe, broke him, afterwards conſtantly rode him, winter and ſummer, for between twenty and thirty years, without ever turning him out again on any account; the latter part of his life, he ran looſe in an open ſtable, but was never turned out. Notwithſtanding all this, he was perfectly ſound, and free from blemiſhes, till within a month of his death, when he got a ſtrain in the ſtable, of which he did not recover: ſo that at laſt he may truly be ſaid to have died of an accident, rather than of old age;

as

as a proof that he did, he got feveral foals laft year, and had covered the feafon not long before his death.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE,

GENTLEMEN,

PERMIT me through the channel of your amufing Magazine to offer a few remarks on a fpecies of fport, or fporting, rather of a local nature; at leaft, not fo general as *fox hunting*, bull baiting, or chuck farthing, though, I believe, of *equal utility*—nay, I fancy 'twill be found upon inveftigation, to afford more improvement blended with amufement, than either of the aforefaid branches of diverfion.

What I allude to is theatricals.

Being partial to the drama, and being favoured with a ticket of admiffion to a private theatre in Tottenham Court Road, I attended this place of amufement, on Thurfday, the 18th of Auguft, when were performed, "the Road to Ruin, and Lovers Quarrels." To enter largely into the refpective merits, and demerits, of each performer, would take up more time than I can allot to this fketch;—fuffice it to fay, I was much furprifed at feeing fuch a neat, convenient, and appropriate place for performing plays, and more furprifed at the performance of fome gentlemen and ladies in characters, the acting of *which* would not have difcredited a Theatre Royal.—Difcredited!! on the word of veracity, I have feen many characters *played*, no, fir, I can't fay *played*, for when performers are put into characters, to which they are unfit, or incapable of perfonifying, and when they go through a character, mechanically as if moved by wires, I cannot, for the foul of me, think, or call *that playing*.

To particularize any one individually, I fear would wound the feelings, or at leaft the *vanity* of others; yet directed by *impartiality*, and *reafon* affuring me I fhould not offend *good fenfe*, I muft fay, the gentleman who performed ~~Old Dorn~~ton, in the Road to Ruin, *dreffed* his character with much *judgment* and *propriety*, difplayed nice difcrimination of paffion, and in the fcene in Hyde Park, with his fon, conveyed a fympathetic fenfation through the audience, by the apparent agitation of his feelings.

The young lady who played Sophia, by chafte fimplicity of deportment, and a pleafing archnefs of manner, was truly *characteriftic* and engaging. Young Dornton was ably fupported.—Many paffages was happily conceived, and judicioufly delivered; in fhort, the whole piece was gone through with much propriety and regularity, and moft of the characters fuftained in a manner far fuperior to my expectations. The *liberal* part of the audience expreffed themfelves highly gratified with the treat—and wondered to fee a piece at a private place, fo creditably performed.—Whilft the *illiberal*, and *would-be critics*, for fuch beings there are who infeft every public place with ill-natured remarks, &c.—Who come predetermined to find fault, and look with *moufing eyes* to difcover an error, even make *propriety a fault*, not allowing for inadvertency, or bufinefs and other neceffary avocations, precluding them from devoting that time to ftudy and rehearfals, which the *profeffed player* enjoys.—Nay, fhould a young lady or gentleman happily enact a character, better than it has been played at a Theatre Royal, their *jaundiced eye* fees not its *fuperiority*, but prejudicioufly condemns it as an exaggerated performance, burlefqued character, and as they *emphatically* and

and *ſenſibly aſſert*, *damned gaggery*, or *curſed trumpery*.—Ye *illiberal* animals avaunt!—I deteſt your converſation.—Your ſight is diſguſting, and remarks infernal. Keep clear of me, or by the Lord Harry, I'll ſtrip you, expoſe your ſtupidity, and give you ſuch a *flogging* that ſhall *whale* you, and after that I'll—aye that I will—*ſo beware!*

The Lovers Quarrels is a ſelection of a few of the beſt characters from Vanburgh's Miſtake.

I ſcarcely know what to ſay of its performance, I was ſo highly gratified,—*every* character being *ſo well performed*. Don Carlos was performed by a young gentleman who did the author *ample juſtice*. His ſervant Sancho, a peculiarly humourous character, was humourouſly and whimſically pourtrayed by a gentleman who convinced the audience, *he* had as much mirth in his compoſition as any Sancho Panza in Spain, or his author could have, had he been preſent. A ſoliloquy he ſpoke, is ſo whimſically ludicrous, as to make it almoſt impoſſible to be received without a ſmile; but when delivered in as whimſical and humourous a manner as written, he muſt be a ſtoic, indeed, or a ſtone, who could contain a laugh, or keep his riſible muſcles *ſmooth*. The gentleman, when come to this ſoliloquy, delivered it ſo truly comic, as to fill the theatre in a chorus of laughter, which continued for ſome minutes; nay, even made *Sancho himſelf* join in the chorus.—*Who* could withſtand it?

Jacinta and Leonora, were performed by young ladies who acquitted themſelves in a ſuperior ſtyle of acting to any thing I ever beheld at a private theatre. They merit the *higheſt praiſe*, and ever will *receive it*, from the *judicious*, while they continue *thus* to *deſerve it*. Mr. Lopez, think not, thou ſon of *comicallity*, I can look over thy *merits*, or keep them wholly behind the curtain, though, I aſſure you, my abilities are inadequate to do you juſtice; therefore I muſt, at *preſent*, be ſilent.

Perſevere my boys, endeavour to be *perfect*—ride your *hobbies* with the ſtiff rein of *moderation*, nor ſuffer them to diſturb, or *ſplaſh fellow travellers*, or carry *you* out of the road of *diſcretion*, you will then blend inſtruction with amuſement, oblige and pleaſe your friends, relations, &c. and do *yourſelves credit*.

LITTLE B.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

THE CHACE

SEEMS to derive additional force and faſhion from the great and repeated obſtacles which miniſters have ſo induſtriouſly placed between the ſportſman, and the liberties he formerly enjoyed in the field.—The ſcarcity of, with the accumulated tax upon game, and the additional impoſt upon *domeſtic gratitude* and *canine fidelity*, has determined every *liberal minded* ſportſman to enjoy upon the BACK of his HORSE, what cynical rigidity, or perſonal pride may have exultingly refuſed him *on foot*. To this reflection we are naturally led, by a ſurvey of the unprecedented ſpirit of preparation that pervades the country for five and twenty miles round the metropolis.

The various well-diſciplined packs within that circle, hold forth a proſpect of ſport, that reduces the *drudgery* of DOG and GUN, to the ideal pleaſure of a mere city apprentice. The Hertfordſhire pack (late Calvert's) hunt as uſual, (beginning the ſecond week in October) the country round Ware, but by ſubſcription under the reſpectable names of Corbet, Foldero, Houblon, &c. &c. &c. The Marchioneſs

chioness of Salisbury covers the other part of the country, from near Hertford to Colney and up to Stanmore, where Lord Berkeley's, (now coming out under a most spirited subscription of 1400 guineas per annum) cover the country to Stoke, Marlow, Bisham, Billingbear, and up to Farley hill, in Berkshire—Wood's harriers take Sunbury, Hounslow Heath, and that neighbourhood; whilst on the other side the Thames, Kingston Hill, Wimbledon Common, &c. is possessed by the excellent pack of Mr. Chapman. The adjoining country is covered by Mr. Gee, of Beddington, and when to these are added, the four days in each week with the King's stag hounds and harriers, with the addition of Lord Derby's, at the Oaks, and the fox hounds at Leatherhead, we may venture to predict that our sporting friends, in and near the metropolis, will have no reason to repine at the present prospect of sport for the season.

N. B. So soon as the different arrangements are made, we shall endeavour to give the precise hunting days of each pack; as well as communicate and enlarge upon such remarkable runs as may be worthy our notice.

Gaming Houses *and* Informers.

Public Office, Bow Street, Aug. 1.

ON Saturday the hearing of an information against the proprietor of a gaming house in St. James's-street, (mentioned in our last, p. 218.) came on before—— Ford, Esq the Sitting Magistrate, at the Public Office, Bow-street; but the informers only proved, that when they entered the house a few nights since, with the officers, they found a table for the purpose of playing at the game of pharo, a quantity, of dice and cards, and a Captain Wheeler, and three gentlemen, in different parts of the house, and failing to prove that any persons were at play, or that the house was kept for the purpose of gambling, the information was quashed.

August 8.

In consequence of an information and a warrant granted against Jonathan, William, and Henry Oldfield as proprietors of a Gaming-house, No 6, Lisle-street, Leicester-square, Mr. Lavender, principal clerk, attended by Millar, and other officers of Bow-street, made a domiciliary visit to it on Friday night. They found there a Hazard and E. O. tables, the latter of which had, for the purpose of evading the law, for the letters E O substituted a red and black piece of paper, and was called a Rouge et Noir table: they also found a Russia War table, a great quantity of playing cards, several large pieces of silver, consisting of crowns, dollars and medals, inscribed with promissory notes for the respective sums of money they stood for, and payable at the Rouge et Noir table, No. 6, Lisle-street, M. Bickville a Frenchman, Mr. John Douglas, an Englishman, and Beeby, who acted as porter at the door, were, by Mr. Lavender's orders taken into custody.

Those persons yesterday underwent an examination before Mr. Ford. Bickville strove to account for his manner of living, by stating that his father, at present resident in France, remitted him a yearly allowance. He said that he had been in the Austrian service; and asserted, that since the year 1792, he had received no letter from his father, on whose plate, and his mothers jewels he had subsisted ever since; but so much inconsistency appeared in his story, that the magistrate informed him that his account,

count, to ſeem probable, would require more plate than ever the king of France poſſeſſed.

Douglas alledged, that until within theſe three weeks he had been employed as clerk by a Portugal merchant in the city. He was then a candidate for a clerk's place in the Bank of England, which he expected to obtain by means of a friend! His only buſineſs in the houſe, he ſaid, was to ſee a lady.

Beeby, the porter, ſaid, he was paid a guinea a week, by a Mr. Jones, of London ſtreet, and admitted that the plate on the door, apparently no more than containing the number of the houſe, was ſo contrived that it could be turned about for the purpoſe of viewing any perſon demanding admittance.

Douglas was ordered to find bail to appear at the next ſeſſions, himſelf in 200l. and his ſureties in 100l. each. Beeby was ordered to find exactly the ſame bail. As to the Frenchman, he was ſent to priſon, till the pleaſure of his Grace the Duke of Portland can be known, whether he is not a proper object to be ſent out of the kingdom under the Alien Act.

Pointers *ſtanding at* Hare.

THE preſent number is embelliſhed with an etching of Pointers ſtanding at Hare.—On this ſubject we have nothing to offer, every one knows, and may from the print diſcover the ſport, (if ſport it may be called) of ſporting a hare with pointers. Many gentlemen condemn this practice, and conſider it beneath the dignity of a ſportſman to take a hare by ſuch mean ; others think differently, and catch where and how they can, to thoſe of the latter deſcription this print is dedicated.

Boxing.

MONDAY, July 25, a ſevere battle was fought between the landlord of a public houſe, and a coachman, in Oxford-ſtreet, in conſequence of ſome diſpute about a pint of beer; and to decide the matter they adjourned into a neighbouring ſtable-yard, attended by a great concourſe of friends and amateurs.

The landlord was a huge luſty man; the coachman a ſtout thick-ſet fellow; and they fought ſeven or eight hard rounds with no deciſive advantage on either ſide. At length the coachman fixed a vigorous blow under the ear of his adverſary; and, as he reeled, tipped him the coup de grace under the ribs, and left him ſprawling on the ground in a moſt deplorable condition.

"The wretched animal heaved forth ſuch groans, that their diſcharge did ſtretch his leathern coat almoſt to burſting."

Yet this ſad plight ſeemed to obtain very little attention from the ſpectators, the greateſt part of whom bore off the victor in triumph, and accompanied him to the public-houſe where he was carried to refit.

Wedneſday, Auguſt 13, a deſperate battle was fought at Gretton Lodge, near Stamford, between Hercook, a farmer of Blatherwick, and Boone, a taylor, of Gretton; when, after a ſevere conflict of more than an hour, victory was declared in favour of the knight of the thimble, who during the fight had given his antagoniſt no leſs than thirty fair knock-down blows

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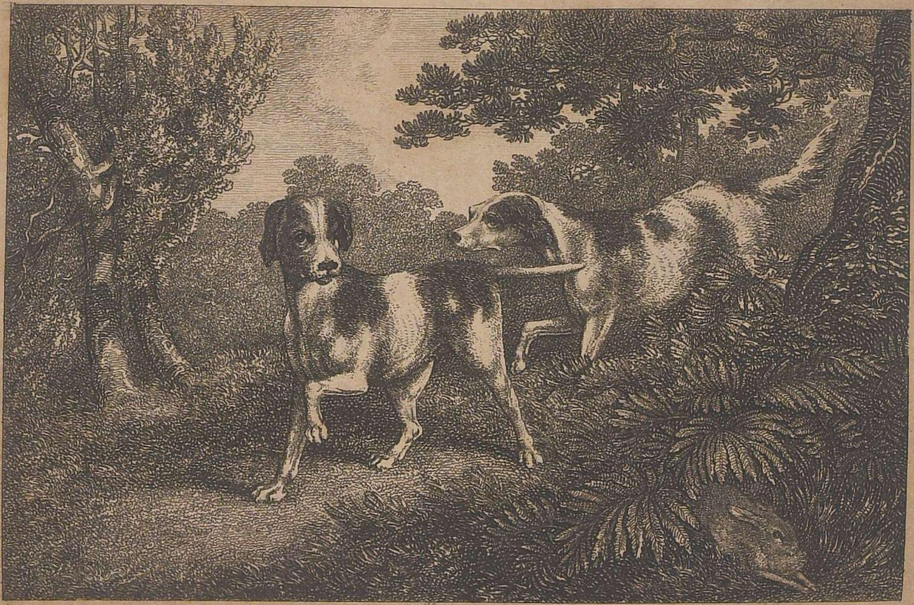
A reverend Cheſhire rector returning home a few evenings ago, having ſacrificed a little too freely to the jolly



Howitt

jolly god, unluckily quarrelled with a poſt on the way, by riding rather ſmartly againſt it. At that moment a young man (the ſon of a farmer) happening to paſs, the divine, miſtaking him for the poſt, proceeded to chaſtiſe the impious offender—a battle was the conſequence—and we are ſorry to hear the parſon (maugre a large ſhare of pugiliſtic ſkill) received a ſound orthodox drubbing.

The LIEUTENANT *and the* LADY.

LIEUTENANT K—ll—y, of the 22th Light Dragoons, or Prince of Wales's Regiment, a party of which is ſtationed at Mitcham, in Surrey, though a tall and vigorous Hibernian, was unable to reſiſt the powerful artillery directed from the eyes of little Miſs M—e, one of the prettieſt young ladies of that diſtrict.

The fair one, it ſeems, was alſo ſenſible of the excellent qualities of the man of war, and being *bien d'accord*, they ſuddenly ſet off on a party of pleaſure to Richmond. Here being overtaken at the Star and Garter Inn, (a lucky name and perfectly well choſen) by an unconſenting uncle, the ſoldier repulſed the aſſailants, and retreated with his prize to the barracks at Croyden, upon which the enemy was unable to make the leaſt impreſſion.

A negotiation enſued, which ended in a peaceful contract, by which the hero acquired a beautiful little wife, a conſiderable ſum of money, and the property of an inn, called the Spotted Dog, at Mitcham.

As emulation is the ſource of every glorious enterprize—a corporal, in the ſame regiment, caſt a ſheepiſh eye on a pretty bar maid, Miſs Calley, the daughter of a publican who keeps the Three Kings at the ſame place——

> "He told his tail, and was a thriving
> "lover."

The laſs eloped with the corporal in imitation of her betters; the father was at firſt angry, which obliged the corporal to "draw his ſword and ſwear"—but the publican at laſt relenting, conſented to give his daughter 200l. which brought about a reconciliation, and an union of the parties was the conſequence.

A few evenings's ſince as Miſs T. of Wellington, Somerſet, a young lady between 15 and 16 years of age, and only daughter of P. T. Eſq. was riding to Milverton, attended by her brother, a young lady and her ſervant, theywere joined by Lieutenants R. and L. of the 13th regiment of foot, who attended them to Milverton, and on their return between ſeven and eight o'clock, the gentlemen having provided a poſt chaiſe and two ſoldiers (whom they diſguiſed) near Chipleigh, forced Miſs T. into it, with an intention to carry her to Scotland, and marry her to Mr. R. The country being ſoon alarmed, and purſuit made, Mr R. and the lady were overtaken at Honiton, by Mr. T's ſervant, and Mr Gandell of the White Ball, who having diſarmed Mr. R took him into cuſtody; and Mr. T. entered into recognizance to appear and proſecute the parties at the next aſſizes.

ON THINKING.

A CORRESPONDENT upon reading the account of a *thinking club*, eſtabliſhed ſome months ſince at Mancheſter (ſee our Mag.

Mag. vol. VII. p. 214.) was heard to mutter the following soliloquy a few evenings ago:——" D——n thinking," said he, " its putting the world mad. O, what a happy country we had before men turned their thoughts to thinking. Poor folks thought of nothing but just getting leave to live, and working for their meat:—Presbyterian parsons thought of nothing but wrangling about religion, and grumbling about tythes——and Protestants thought of nothing but doing and saying what their betters bid them: and the gentlemen thought of nothing but drinking, hunting, and the game laws. Oh! how times are changed, and all for the worse. Your Sunday Schools, your Charter Schools—yoor Book Societies—— your Pamphlets, and your books, and your one h—ll or another, are all turning the people's heads, and setting them a thinking about this, that, and t'other, O! in my father's days there was none of this work; no! no! he would put a fellow in the jail, or in the stocks, just when he pleased—nobody said he was wrong. He would horsewhip a tradesman when he presented his bill—nobody said it was wrong. He shot dogs for barking; imprisoned Catholics for keeping arms in their houses; and Quakers for not paying tythes; and kept a farmer's son in prison till he died, for shooting a partridge—nobody said —nobody dared to say, that this was wrong. But now, the impudence and conceit of the world is not to be borne. They think, and talk, and grumble, and prate, whenever they are offended. Go to h—ll, you scoundrel, said I, yesterday, to the taylor, when I had no money to give him. The fellow had the impudence to look me full in the face, I am no scoundrel, said he, and h—ll is a place for my betters. Now, can flesh and blood bear such audacity? by H——ns! I have seen the day that I could have had interest enough to have crammed a fellow's legs in the stocks for such impudence."—*Cetera desunt.*

DUELLING.

IT is reported that shots were exchanged on Friday, July 22, at Pancras, between a gentleman of the Temple, and a gentleman of Brook-street. *Pop* went one pistol —and then, *pop* went the other; but no blood flowed. An explanation was desired;—when lo! it appeared that the combatants never had any quarrel with each other—had not seen one another before for many years—and were old school fellows. But how came they to meet in this hostile manner? It thus happened:—the Brook-street gentleman, conceiving himself injured by a Mr. Y—. who lives in the same buildings where Mr. R—has chambers, thrust a challenge into the key hole of his door. This challenge a wag removed, and put it into the letter-box of Mr. R—'s door. Mr. R— read it, and imagining he had affronted some person when he was drunk, thought it honourable to run the chance of killing or being killed when sober. It was dusk when the parties met, and they could not rightly see each other, *until the flash from the pan* made them perceive *an explanation necessary!!!*

BETWEEN MR. PRIDE, AND MR. CARPENTER.

Tuesday, Aug. 23, an inquisition was held at Richardson's Hotel, in Covent Garden, before William Gell, Esq. Coroner for the city of Westminster, upon the body of William Fauntleroy Carpenter, Esq. who

who was killed in a duel with Mr. Pride, on the Sunday morning previous in Hyde Park.

Dr. Rush and Mr. Hewson were the first witnesses; they deposed as to the wound which occasioned Mr. Carpenter's death. They stated that they were called to his assistance on Sunday morning last, at Richardson's Hotel, and found the deceased in bed, bleeding very much, in consequence of a pistol shot. The ball had penetrated the side, just beneath the right arm, and passed in a right line to the left side, where it lodged a little below the skin: They extracted it immediately and applied proper remedies, but entertained not the least hopes of the recovery of the deceased, as they conceived he was mortally wounded. The deceased informed them he had an affair of honour with a gentleman, but did not mention his name.

Mr. Richardson's waiter stated, that the deceased, and several other American gentlemen slept at their hotel, on Saturday night; that they particularly desired to be called up on Sunday morning by four o'clock, which was accordingly done. He saw them all walk arm in arm along King-street, about seven; part of them returned in a Hackney coach with the deceased, who was wounded, and bled exceedingly. He helped to convey him to his room, when every care was taken of him, till he died the next day between eleven and twelve.

Mr. Richardson, master of the hotel, deposed as to the state of the deceased after he was brought back.

The Coroner, and several of the gentlemen of the Jury, were very particular in their enquiries, whether any letters, or papers, relative to the unfortunate dispute, supposed to have been in the possession of the deceased, were found in his pockets; but no satisfactory account could be obtained from any of the persons in the hotel.

The jury had the cloaths of the deceased brought to them, and searched, but did not find any thing.

Mr. Blane, a merchant was next examined. He could only depose to what he saw of the deceased after he was brought to the hotel. He said, he had heard that the deceased had fought a duel with a Mr. Pride, and he had before heard there was a misunderstanding between them, but he thought it had been settled by mutual concessions on each side.

The last and principal witness was Michael Ryan, servant of Mr. Bailey, physical herb-seller, in Covent Garden,. He deposed, that on Sunday morning last, about half past five, he was bathing in the Serpentine river, with eight or nine other persons. That he saw the deceased, and some other gentlemen behind the magazine in Hyde Park; they went beyond the height, to a place called the Grove, where he observed them measuring the ground. He put on his shirt, and ran towards them; several others went likewise naked. Before they reached the parties, the deceased fired a pistol, which missed: the other then fired his, which took effect, and the deceased instantly fell. His antagonist directly dropped his other pistol, and with the seconds walked away.

The witness and his companions, assisted by some soldiers, put the deceased upon a hurdle, and conveyed him to Hyde Park Corner, where he was put into a coach, accompanied by some other gentlemen, The coach turned up Park-lane, and avoiding the main streets, drove to the hotel in Covent Garden, where he assisted to remove the deceased out of the coach up to his room. The witness stated, that

money

money was diſtributed by a gentleman upon the ground, and from his deſcription of that perſon and other concurring circumſtances, there is every reaſon to ſuppoſe that it muſt have been a colonel Thomas, but there was no direct evidence of the circumſtance. All the parties after they had brought the deceaſed home departed.

The Coroner obſerved, that there was by no means any thing like evidence to criminate Mr. Pride, or any other individual, but that the evidence of Ryan was quite ſufficient to aſcertain the fact of the deceaſed having been ſhot in a duel. He obſerved, that that fact being clear, it was the duty of the jury to find a verdict of wilful murder againſt the parties, whoever they might eventually prove to be.

The jury immediately returned a verdict of wilful murder againſt a perſon or perſons unknown. They had ſat upwards of five hours.

Mr. Carpenter, and Mr. Pride, were both American gentlemen, and in which country it is ſaid the quarrel originated.

A ſhort time ſince a duel was fought at Kinſale, between Mr. Ryder, Enſign and Surgeon of the Sligo militia, and Enſign Cullen, of the Leitrim militia, in which the former received a dangerous wound on the breaſt. The ball entered below the right breaſt, and taking an oblique direction, paſſed out near the ſpine. Mr. Ryder is ſon to the late Thomas Ryder, Eſq. who was many years manager of the Theatre-Royal.

The following curious affair lately took place at Darlington, in the county of Durham:——Two *bloods*, one a *lawyer*, the other a *linen-draper*, having differed in their opinions, (whether on *law* or *drapery* we are not informed), a challenge was the conſequence. The ſeconds, however, being no friends to *death*, loaded their piſtols with *cork bullets*; on the firſt fire, the draper fell, and loudly called for *quarters*. The ſeconds then interfered, and had the buſineſs amicably adjuſted, to the ſatisfaction of the parties, and no leſs entertainment of the neighbourhood.

The hiſtory of duelling can ſcarcely parallel the following: Two gentlemen from the neighbourhood of Mancheſter, a few days ago, in conſequence of a diſpute on the ſubject of a lady, met, on Enfield-chace, to ſettle the difference in an *honourable* way; when inſtead of piſtols, fowling pieces were agreed upon, and theſe heroes fired three times at each other, at 50 yards diſtance with ball! Proving, however, but poor markſmen at this diſtance, they altered it to thirty, when lo! one of them fell the next fire, the ball having grazed the top of his brow. At firſt, appearances were rather alarming, but we are happy to hear he is out of danger, and is ſince reſtored to his ſenſes.—To complete the hardihood of this determined combat, the father of one of them actually attended as ſecond to his ſon's opponent!

A few evenings ago, an officer of the blues, quartered at Brighton, who had been amuſing himſelf with ſome of the *condeſcending creatures* in Weſt ſtreet, happened to ſtumble *accidentally* upon a *doctor*. The man of *war* drew his ſword, and *(miſerabile dictu)* was diſarmed in a ſhort time by the hero of the *lancet*.

After a ſhort ſcuffle with fiſts, victory declared in favour of the doctor, who did not give the military man the uſual grace of capitulation,

tulation, namely, that—" the officers shall *retain their swords*;" for he took it home with him as a trophy of his victory.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

SAILING MATCH.

July 21.

THIS morning the following boats took their stations in Kingroad, to contend for the premiums given by the Bristol Sailing Society, viz. the *Severn*, *Dispatch*, *Antelope*, *Dolphin*, *Experiment*, *Hope*, *Frolic*, *Fancy*, *Industry*, and *Chausen*, (a Dutch boat). About 8 o'clock they started, but the wind blew so strong from the westward all day, and the swell was so great, that only four boats out of the ten could keep the sea, the rest were obliged to run into different places for security. The other four sailed round the Holmes. The *Antelope*, was the first boat that returned, about two minutes after her the *Dolphin*, came in, the *Hope* third, and the *Experiment* fourth: when the three first received their respective silver prize cups, and the latter a telescope.—No accident happened the whole day of any consequence, notwithstanding the high wind and rough sea they had to encounter, in a race of more than fifty miles, allowing for traverse sailing.

RINGING.

July 30, was rung by the society of Cambridge youths, at the church of St. Mary the Great, in Cambridge, a true and compleat peal of Bob Maximus, in five hours and five minutes, consisting of 6600 changes; which for the regularity of striking, and harmony throughout the peal, was allowed by the most competent judges that heard it to be a very masterly performance; especially as it was remarked that in point of time, the striking was to such a nicety, that in each thousand changes, the time did not vary the sixteenth of a minute, and the compass of the *last* thousand was exactly equal to the *first*, which is the grand scope of ringing.

The time of ringing this peal shews, that the late Professor Saunderson's calculation is pretty accurate, respecting the time it would take to ring the whole number of changes on twelve bells, which he stated at forty-five years, six days, and eighteen hours, without intermission.

The latter end of last month, was opened at Barr Chapel, Staffordshire, a new peal of six bells, cast by Mr. Edward Arnold of Leicester, (on whom much praise was bestowed by gentlemen possessed of eminent musical talents), the gift of Joseph Scott, Esq. The bells are hung upon the newest and best construction, and gave great satisfaction to the Birmingham, Walsal, Wednesbury, and several other set of ringers, who acknowledged them to be truly harmonious.

We think it necessary to inform our readers, that by an act passed in the last Session of Parliament, the day fixed for the commencement of Partridge shooting, is postponed from the first of September, to the fourteenth. The breed of partridges and pheasants exceed every thing known by the oldest sportsmen.

A considerable bet has been laid, that within two years the *beard* shall be commonly worn upon the upper lip, and the point of the chin, *a-la-Vandyke*.

During the late Preston races, a main of cocks was fought between the Earl of Derby, and W. Bamford, Esq. for ten guineas a battle, and 200 the main (Benstal and Lister

Lifter feeders)——which was won by the latter, 6 a head.

At Shrewſbury races, the ſubſcription of two guineas each p. p. for cart horſes that had drawn twelve months in a team, their riders in waggoners frocks, was won, at two heats, by A Corbett's, Eſq. black mare, Jenny Sutton, beating John Corbett s Eſq. bay mare, Mad Moll This race afforded excellent ſport.

At the laſt Lewes races, *Ragged Jack*, through his ſuperior ſpeed, and the munificence of his maſter, Lord Egremont, procured the county infirmary, the value of the 50l. plate.

A ſhort time ſince the officers of the Blues ſtationed at Brighton, propoſed a *jack aſs* race for fifty guineas, to be rode by themſelves; but General St John prevented it. The Regiment now goes by the nick name of the *donkey dragoons*.

After the late trials at Lancaſter, a correſpondent tells us, that a *trial* took place of another nature: —Five or ſix gentlemen agreed to *ride a race into the ſea!*—or, in other words, he who ventured fartheſt into the briny flood, on horſeback, ſhould bear the bell. The Neptune primo proved to be a Mr. W. who performed prodigies of ſkill—till unluckily his *bit of blood* ſhewed *ſymptoms* of ſwerving, by throwing the rider ſouſe into the ſtream. We are happy to hear that Mr. W. ſcrambled out ſafely, and almoſt as *faſt* as he went in—perfectly ſatisfied, no doubt, with the honours of ſo *dry* a joke.

BARNET races *promiſe* much the 15th of September, and ENFIELD more on the 21ſt. Every "raw-boned hackney" in Moorfields and its environs has been long inſured for an emulative diſplay of ſuperiority in "GEOFFRY GAMBADOE'S *art* of horſemanſhip;" where *ſtumbling* and *tumbling* may be ſeen *gratis* in the higheſt perfection. We hope our predictions may be wrong, and that we may have none of thoſe dreadful accidents *hereafter* to *report*, that we have *at preſent* every reaſon to *expect*.

Sir Thomas Gage claims and exerciſes a paramount *free warren* over all the extenſive game manors in Suffolk, from Ipſwich nearly to Newmarket. His keepers invariably go upon each, at the beginning of the ſeaſon, and kill a ſingle bird merely to maintain this ſingular ſupremacy;—even the Duke of Grafton is compelled to bow to this unpleaſant kind of *ſporting vaſſalage!*

Two Jew old cloathſmen, with venerable beards, were paſſing by a ſtable door, near Tottenham Court Road, lately when a couple of jackets ſo faſcinated them, that they could not reſiſt the temptation to give them a place with their other wares. Whilſt they were ſecreting the jackets, the two owners, who were drinking porter on the oppoſite ſide of the way, were obſerving the tranſaction. They ruſhed out ſeized the Rabbies, locked them up in the ſtable, and went in queſt of certain preparations which promiſed better things than a jail, or lawyers wig, or a fine, they then tied the Rabbies together, matted their two beards, and ſmeared them with warm ſhoemaker's wax. As ſoon as the wax was cooled, and the people around had enjoyed ſufficiently the ſight of the venerable patriarchs, in this fraternal embrace, the poſtillions applied, to each noſe by intervals, a few pinches of ſnuff, which occaſioned ſuch a concuſſion of noſes, and ſuch ſputtering, that, of five hundred ſpectators

spectators there was not one who did not depart highly pleased with this spectacle of distributive justice.

The Worcester races, this season, afforded the best sport that has been seen in that place for many years. The horses entered, each day, were truly respectable, as a reference to our racing calendar will evince. The show of company, on the race-ground, was also extremely fashionable and brilliant. Among other attractions the sporting ladies were very visible. At the head of one of the lists appropriated to these racing fillies, was the following portrait, which, on account of its inimitable irony is deserving of being snatched from the oblivion these productions in general merit; we therefore afford it a nich in our repository. The lady alluded to, is the rib of a gentleman well known in the circuit of country gallantry, and was the *chere amie* of her spouse for some years previous to the tie that made them one and indivisible,—the facts are notorious.

"Mrs ———. She was got by *broomstick*, out of *besom*, has won all the plates she ever started for, yet never was matched but once, in which contest she *flung* her rider. She was originally bought in London, by two gentlemen, in partnership, and used then as a common hack, but a dispute arising between them who should ride her most, she became the sole property of one, who immediately put her in training for the match spoken of above, *entered* her in his own name, and *rode her himself*. She proved restive, and the rider (though a good one, being rather too old for such a mettlesome tit, lost his heat, was thrown, and she ran away from him. At the last races she was driven in a gig, which reminded us of the song entitled the "race horse," and we should not be surprized to see this *high mettled racer* soon driven in a cart. We understand she is now in the hands of a *dancing master* *, who it is said has broken her in entirely for his own riding, she therefore cannot be spoken with on any terms."

A few days ago, a shark, nearly six feet long, was caught by some gentlemen in the Clyde, at the Fairley Roads. While carrying ashore in the boat, it spawned a young one, and on opening it, after reaching the shore, other twenty-three, about thirteen inches each in length, and all alive, were found in it. Several of them lived some hours afterwards. Another shark, of nearly the same size, has been caught since, at the same place.

A pine-apple, weighing 10lb. 2 oz. was, a short time since, cut at Cowick Hall, the seat of Lord Downe.

Upon a high sunny bank of ground belonging to Mr. William Holcroft, about five miles from Pontefract, this year, a partridge had a nest with no less than twenty-one eggs in it, all of which produced young partridges, that are already flown—an incident that seldom happens.

July 28, a large rat was observed in a lane in Sheffield to skulk from his hole, and seize a young chick, the cries of which brought to its assistance the hen, who flew furiously at the rat, and attacked him so eagerly, that he was glad to quit his prey, and make his escape, but not till he had so bitten the chick that it died.

An unfortunate outcast of the canine race, was stopped, a few

*The present "Lothario" is an eminent hop merchant.

days ago, in a ftreet in Birmingham, and purfued by a poffe of noify boys, with a paper tied to his tail, on which appeared the two following doggrel diftichs:

"Pray, good people, let me pafs,
"For Billy Pitt has tax'd my a——!
"My mafter has fentenc'd me to die!
"Alas! alas! whither fhall I fly?"

A gentleman, out of pity, took the ftranger in, and he is now *regiftered* in the proper officer's book.

REMARKABLE CROW.

The following fingular fact has been authenticated to the writer of this article by perfons of the higheft refpectability in the village where the circumftance annually occurs:—A crow taken from its neft while fcarcely yet fledged, was fed for a feries of years in the houfe of Mr. Emmerfon, a publican, in Swallwell, in the county of Durham, and at length became fo perfectly domefticated as to be fuffered to roam at large round the whole neighbourhood, where it was liberally fupplied with provifions by every child that came in its way, from whofe hand it fed with the utmoft confidence and freedom. One year, however, early in the fpring, Mr. E. and his family were greatly furprifed and chagrined at the difappearance of their feathered favourite, fufpecting fome perfon had ftolen or deftroyed it; but their furprife and pleafure were much greater, when, at the approach of the following winter, they witneffed the return of their fable friend. Here it continued in its wonted manner during the inclemency of the weather, and again took its departure in the fucceeding fpring, remaining abfent all the fummer and autumn. For a great length of time has this faithful bird purfued its annual excurfion at the commencement of the vernal feafon, and ftill continues to return at the eve of hoary winter. Sometimes during the fummer it is obferved perched upon trees in the vicinity of the village, when the inhabitants invite their old acquaintance down by the lure of a piece of meat or bread, which it obtains alighting upon their fhoulders, and picking out of their hands. It may be neceffary to obferve, that this crow, in its infancy, received a very fevere injury in one foot, by being accidentally trodden upon, which rendered it lame ever afterwards; and this circumftance, of courfe, made the bird remarkable, and eafily recognifed.

At Biddefton St. Nicholas, near Corfham, Wilts, a tame kite in the year 1781, made a neft and laid two eggs, and this year did the fame, and upon her eggs being taken away and four hen's eggs fubftituted, fhe brought forth four chickens; thefe were taken away, and five more eggs put to her, which fhe has likewife hatched. During the time of incubation it was dangerous for any perfon to go into the garden. The chickens are very fine, and it is faid that if thofe who have already been to fee them had left but one penny each, it would by this time have amounted to a fum fufficient to rebuild the fteeple of the parifh church, which now lies in ruins.

A few days ago, in digging the foundation of the aqueduct bridge, (for the Kennet and Avon Canal,) over the river Bifs, near Bradford, at the depth of 17 feet below the furface of the ground, and fix below the bed of the river, were found, difperfed in a bed of gravel and mud, the entire head and horns of a ftag, or red deer, the horns of a very large fize, girting more than 8 inches at the bafe; and the upper part of another of the fame fize, with the brow antlers only; alfo the

the heads of several bullocks, with a number of loose bones of those and other animals. — The body and branches of an oak tree, in a decayed state, lay adjacent, and from being all on the same level, it is conjectured they are the deposit of one and the same inundation, at some remote period.

Ann Morgan, the wife of a lace-maker at Olney, in Buckinghamshire, a short time since, starved herself to death: it is stated, that nature was not exhausted until she had fasted TEN DAYS. She had for some time been deranged in her intellects; and for a long period previous to her late rash resolve, had accustomed herself to eat but once or twice a week, and when thirsty, to wet her lips with beer or water: the consequence was, at the time of her death she was a perfect skeleton.—The circumstance reminds us of the Bishop whose effigy is preserved in Litchfield cathedral, and who in a pious mania fasted, according to the inscription on his tomb, for 39 days: perhaps, to make the climax compleat, the wondrous abstinence of the Irishman's horse should be added; but just as he had brought him to live without eating, he died.

There was lately discovered, in a peat moss, in the parish of Burgh-by-Sands, in Cumberland, the entire skeleton of an animal of the ox kind; much larger than any at present produced in this island. The cores, (or insides of the horns) which are firmly fixed to the skull, measure thirteen inches each in circumference, near the roots. The outside, or horny part, is entirely gone to decay. The upper part of the skeleton was about four feet below the surface. The animal was lying upon its back. One of the ribs, which are very large, had been broken about the middle, but knit together again. The teeth were mostly sound, one of which (a grinder, or *dens molaris*) measures nearly five inches round. It is evident, from the skull and jaw bones, that from the top of the head to the end of the snout, had not been less than two feet six inches. The front of the skull is near two inches and a half thick. There are two more of the same sort; one of which was found last year in a marl pit near Jedburgh, in Scotland. Several think it antideluvian, others not; but be that as it may, it must have laid their a very long period.

Aug. 1.

Two sugar coopers for a bet of five guineas rolled (on the chine) each a sugar hogshead two miles out from Whitechapel church, and the same distance in. Two hundred yards was given at starting by the losing man. The winning man performed it in thirty five minutes.

Thomas Mills, of Wigginton, near York, having undertaken for an inconsiderable wager, to run for one hundred miles over the course at Knavesmire, within twenty three successive hours and three quarters, he set off on Monday Aug, 8, at twelve o'clock at noon for that purpose. About half past five on Tuesday morning he had run eighty miles, and there is no doubt but he would have run the distance within the time, had he not unfortunately fallen lame in consequence of a hurt he had received on one of his legs before, which became so swelled and inflamed from his great exertions, as to oblige him to give up the attempt. Great sums of money were depending on this extraordinary race.

Two

Aug. 10.

Two young farmers, one of Idbury, the other of Westell, ran a foot race from the Red lion at Witney, to the Red lion at Burford, Oxfordshire, being seven miles, for seven guineas:——they kept near together, in slow movement, till within half a mile of Burford, when the Idbury farmer with accelerated motion took the lead, which he was enabled to keep to the end of the race, by his superior strength. A vast concourse of people were assembled to see them come in, many of whom in company with the racers, spent the remainder of the day in festive harmony.—They run the ground in fifty nine minutes.—— Bets at starting, were five to two in favour of the winner.

An honest farmer, of the name of Harrison, who rents a rabbit warren, near Formby, in Lancashire, a few days ago, observing two men, with each a gun, upon the borders of his coney-walk, and concluding they had been poaching amongst his *game*, which is often practised, went up to them, and accosted them in the following words,—"Od *rabbit* yo! yo 'an bin *shooting* e'my warren as shure as a *gun*."

Some days ago was run at Smarden, in Romden walk, Canterbury, ten miles for two guineas, by Mr. George Gooding, peruke maker, aged 60, and Mr. Luke Ashman, brewer and butcher, aged 25, (the brewer to carry thirty-five pounds weight, as an allowance to the peruke maker for the difference of age) which was completed in one hour and fifty five minutes by the brewer, and one hour and fifty eight minutes by the peruke maker.

At the late Bath annual gooseberry feast, the prize, a large silver cup, was adjudged to Mr. Dent, for a green gooseberry which weighed 11dwts. 22 grains; a red berry, one grain lighter, won the second prize for Mr. Giles, and a brown one, something smaller, the third reward for Mr. Lankesheer.

Chester, Aug. 12.

At the annual gooseberry shew held at the house of Mr. Robert Huxley, the sign of the Angel, in this city, on Wednesday, the 3d inst. the prizes were adjuged as follows:——

	dwt.	gr.
HEAVIEST.		
Mr. Blead's Creeping Ceres . .	14	9
Mr. Cooper's Worthington's Conqueror	13	20
Ditto Tilston	12	20
Mr. Blead's Glory of England	12	14
Mr. Cooper's Somach's Victory .	12	7
YELLOW.		
Mr. Blead's Apollo	13	4
Mr. Huxley's Royal Sovereign .	12	18
Mr. Blead's Colossus	11	24
Mr. Cooper's Bell's Farmer . .	11	21
GREEN.		
Mr. Cooper's Green Chissel . .	12	21
Ditto Game Keeper	12	13
Ditto Langley Green	12	10
Ditto Green Goose	12	5
WHITE.		
Mr. Cooper's White Bear . . .	12	28
Ditto Apollo	11	17
Mr. Blead's Golden Lion . . .	11	2
Mr. Cooper's White Rose . . .	10	7
SEEDLING.		
Mr. Cooper's Yellow Seedling .	8	2

ONE DOWN T'OTHER COME ON!—An old man in the neighbourhood of Blackburn, had his wife hearty and well on the 2d of July, on the 4th she died, was buried on the 6th, and without losing a day, the veteran hero was married again upon the 7th!!!

TRICK

TRICK UPON TRICK.

Two prophets, from London, who had loſt all their money at two of the E O tables at Brighton, planned a mode of retaliation, which had its deſired effect; for, when the owners of theſe *take-in whirligigs* had ſet off to watch the event of one of the races, on which they had ſtaked their money, the others decamped with the tables, and made off with their booty ſecure and undiſcovered.

SYMPTOMS OF GLUTTONY.

Three knights of the needle (vulgarly dubbed taylors) near Blackburn, a few days ago, ate, with apparent eaſe, three pecks of peaſe, ſix pounds of bacon, and a ſhilling loaf, which they waſhed down with ſix quarts of ſtrong beer.—They ſat down to this *hot action* at ſeven in the evening, and in fifteen minutes the *enemy* was *inviſible.—Veni! Vidi! Vici!*—This triumvirate of taylors are no bad hands in the *body-lining* and *twiſt* line.

CURIOUS ROBBERY.

As John Garthwaite, ſervant to Meſſrs. Bingley and Co. of Swinton, Pottery, was driving a waggon from that place to Leeds, he was met by an ill-looking fellow, who ordered him to ſtop and deliver his money. On his refuſing to comply, he ſoon diſcovered that the footpad was not without ſupport, for he was ſeized by the throat, and dragged to the ground by a huge dog, and robbed while in that ſituation, of all he had about him.

At Brighton there is now living a married lady whoſe prolific nature can rarely be equalled, for at the age of 43, ſhe had been pregnant of 42 children, by one huſband, who is a native of Brighton, and now as remarkable for his activity, as his wife has been for her fecundity; their ages are nearly equal, and added together do not exceed 100 years.

CASUALTIES.

JOHNSTONE THE COMEDIAN.

Monday July 25.

The unfortunate accident this gentleman met with, took place on Saturday laſt, at half paſt four in the afternoon, near Rickmanſworth, in Hertfordſhire. He was driving Mrs. J. and his child, who was aſleep on his mother's lap, in a hired chaiſe, when from a ſudden jirk the ſhafts ſnapped ſhort in two; Mrs. J. and the child were thrown into the road, and Johnſtone fell under the horſes feet, and became entangled in the harneſs; after being dragged more than one hundred yards, his coat by which he was held gave way, thus he eſcaped with his life, but was left cut and bruiſed in a ſhocking manner. Mrs. Johnſtone's eye was dreadfully cut, and her leg ſo bruiſed as to prevent her walking. In this ſituation they were obliged to remain; very fortunately the child met with no other accident than a trifling ſcratch on the elbow. They are attended by a a gentleman of the name of Kingſton, to whoſe ſkill and excellent management they are greatly indebted.

July 26.

Between twelve and one o'clock in the afternoon, as the Ducheſs of Leeds, her ſiſter, and a young gentleman, were proceeding to the Park by Cleveland-row, St, James's Palace, in her Grace's carriage, the perch ſuddenly broke in front, and the fore quarter of the vehicle daſhed on the ground. The horſes were

were immediately ſtopped: Fortunately the Ducheſs and her party eſcaped unhurt.

Aug 11.

A gentleman going down Gray's-inn-lane, in a whiſky, the horſe took fright, and ſet off full ſpeed; his ſervant ſeeing his maſter in ſuch a ſituation, unfortunately for him, came up to the horſe, and ſeized the bridle, but was not capable of ſtopping him; the beaſt turned up a narrow paſſage by Chad's Wells, the bottom of Gray's inn lane, the ſervant ſtill running and holding the bridle; in turning round the paſſage, the near ſhaft caught the man in the body, which it clearly run through, and was ſtopt by the wall. The gentleman was thrown violently from the carriage, but was not much hurt—the ſervant was killed on the ſpot.

Aug. 13.

As Joſeph Herbert, of Drig, was returning from market, leading his horſe and cart up the turnpike road near Henſingham, the horſe took fright at a chaiſe; he held him by the head for ſome time, endeavouring to ſtop him, till (it is ſuppoſed) his feet getting entangled in the bridle, he fell and was dragged a conſiderable way. By this accident, the poor unfortunate man was ſo bruiſed, that he expired in a few minutes.

Aug 15.

The lady of Mr. Clapp, Barriſter in driving a g g from Clifton to the hotwells, met with an unfortunate accident; the horſe took fright, and becoming ungovernable, run down the hill, and the carriage ſtriking againſt a ſtone in turning a corner of the road, was daſhed to pieces, and the lady received ſo dangerous a wound on her head, that it is feared it will prove fatal.

As Mr. Kennedy, jun. of Bun-hill-row, who had been in the country on horſeback, was returning to town about eight o'clock in the evening, on full gallop, the horſe went out of the road over the bank, into a ſaw-pit, near Roſs's nurſery ground, where Mr. K. broke his leg in two places. The horſe died at Kingſland turnpike, as he was led towards town.

As a man was driving a caravan with wild beaſts to Magdalen-hill fair, near Wincheſter, in attempting to kick the belly of the near ſhaft horſe, he ſlipped down, and the wheels going over his body, killed him on the ſpot. He was a kind of Mulatto, and ſon to the white negro woman who has been exhibited at moſt of the fairs in this kingdom.

At Hull races, Mr. Armſtrong's Gipſey, which was entered for the 50l. threw her rider twice before ſtarting; and though much hurt, he mounted her again; they ſtarted, and had not run half a diſtance, before the mare threw him again over her head, which, alas, proved fatal!—The unfortunate man's name was George Heron, an old rider, and it is ſaid, has left a wife and family to lament his loſs.

Two men, ſhooting moor game near Aſhton, the contents of one of their pieces accidentally lodged in the body of the other, and killed him upon the ſpot. The unfortunate deceaſed has left a widow and ſix ſmall children, and the afflicted mother is now pregnant. Surely theſe fatherleſs little ones will find a father in the hearts of the benevolent!

A few

A few days ago, as two boys were watering their ponies in the pariſh of Batsford in the county of Glouceſter, they agreed to ride a race back, when unfortunately one of the ponies turning ſhort into a farmer's yard, being then on a full gallop, threw his rider, George Groves, againſt the gate poſt, and bruiſed him ſo terribly, that he languiſhed only a few hours before he died.

———

As Mr. Bullock, farmer, at Stoulton, was returning from Worceſter with a load of grains, a few days ſince, the horſes took fright, and, in endeavouring to ſtop them, he fell under the wheels, and was bruiſed in ſo terrible a manner, that he expired ſoon after.

———

The following accident lately happened at Forthampton, near Tewkeſbbury: A young lady going to remove a gun, not knowing it to be charged, it ſuddenly went off, and part of the contents lodged in her; ſhe languiſhed till the next day, and then expired.

———

The following dreadful accident happened on Auguſt 15, to Mr. Wright, of Liverpool, and his brother who were going to Holywell in a one horſe chaiſe, the horſe ſuddenly took fright, ſet off in full ſpeed and running down a ſteep hill, fell down with the chaiſe, and precipitated the two brothers, with the utmoſt violence againſt a ſtone wall by the road ſide. They were taken up ſenſeleſs, and carried into the houſe of a gentleman who lives near the place, and every poſſible aſſiſtance was immediately procured: one of them is in a fair way of recovery, but the other, whoſe head was moſt dreadfully fractured, is ſtill in a ſtate of extreme danger.

The following melancholy accident occurred a few days ago: ——As Mr Joſeph Pearſon, of Woolſton, Northampton, was returning from Rugby fair, his horſe threw him a little on the other ſide of Rugby, by which his leg was dreadfully fractured, and he was otherwiſe ſo much bruiſed, that he lingered a few days and expired.

———

A boy was lately killed in a marſh, near Southampton, by the kick of a horſe. He was pelting the animal with ſtones, and by his cruelty he almoſt merited his fate.

———

On the ſecond day of the laſt Lewes races, as Julian Thomas Bernard, an emigrant prieſt, was croſſing the turf before the curricle of Sir John Lade, who, accompanied by his lady, was driving with great rapidity, he was unfortunately knocked down by one of the horſes, and taken up apparently much hurt. He was ſoon after led to his lodgings, and put to bed, where he languiſhed two or three days, and then died, as it was ſuppoſed, of the injury he had received from the accident—Monſieur Bernard, before the French revolution, was rector of the pariſh of Vinnemerville, in the dioceſe of Rouen, in Normandy, and poſſeſſed an income of 1200l. per annum.—He was a facetious old man, and ſome time back being troubled with a rupture, on making his complaint known in confidence, to a gentleman who furniſhed him with a truſs for it, he wittingly and pleaſantly expreſſed his aſtoniſhment that his belly ſhould have remained *ſound* in France, where it was every day well filled with wholeſome diet, and a bottle of generous wine, and *burſt* in England, where it was kept in a continual ſtate of *emptineſs*.

ON Monday, July 25, was played, on Hounflow Heath, a grand match at cricket, between the gentlemen of Weftminfter and Eton, in which the former proved fuccefsful.

WESTMINSTER.

Firft Innings.		*Second Innings.*	
Stevens c Lamb	33	Stevens c Nield	2
Caulfield b March	0	Caulfield c Brook	41
Ridley c Lamb	6	Ridley c Brook	19
Drake b March	15	Drake c Lamb	0
Curteis b Snowden	6	Curteis c Lamb	14
Grife b Snowden	16	Grife c Lamb	3
Butler b Frederick	0	Buller b Frederick	5
Laye b Frederick	3	Laye run out	5
Thompfon b Snowden	0	Thompfon c Snowden	8
Kelly c Don	1	Kelly c Frederick	0
Longlands not out	3	Longlands not out	0
Byes	17	Byes	0
	100		97

ETONIANS.

Firft Innings.		*Second Innings.*	
Snowden b Stevens	23	Snowden b Drake	4
Lamb b Caulfield	21	Lamb b Stevens	1
Frederick b Caulfield	0	Frederick c Ridley	6
March c Ridley	0	March c Buller	0
Neild b Caulfield	0	Neild b Drake	0
Thornhill not out	26	Thornhill b Stevens	2
Shadwell c Thompfon	2	Shadwell run out	14
Don b Caulfield	0	Don b Caulfield	0
Bayly run out	11	Bayly c Caulfield	1
Brook c Ridley	0	Brook not out	13
Lawrell c Drake	0	Lawrell b Caulfield	0
Byes	6	Byes	1
	89		42

On Monday, July 25, a match was played at the new ground at Montpelier Gardens, Walworth, between eleven gentlemen of the Montpelier Club againft eleven gentlemen of the Thurfday's Club from Mary-le-bone, for five hundred guineas a fide.

MONTPELIER CLUB.

Firft Innings.		*Second Innings.*	
Goldham b W. Brown	4	Goldham run out	17
Gibfon b Ditto	12	Gibfon run out	9
G. Boult, Efq. not out	15	G. Boult, efq. c Long	11
Warwick b Tanner	3	Warwick c Boyle	9
Walter b W. Brown	1	Walter c Ditto	11
Rubegall c Wheeler	0	Rubegall c Jackfon	12
J. Slater c White	0	J. Slater b W. Brown	2
Stuart c Jackfon	1	Stuart b Ditto	0
Hawkens c W. Brown	0	Hawkens b J. Brown	0
Carter b Ditto	2	Carter not out	0
Boult, jun. b Ditto	3	Boult, jun. b J. Brown	0
Byes	5	Byes	1
	46		72

THURSDAY'S CLUB.

Firft Innings.	
W. Brown b Boult, jun.	4
Long run out	12
White run out	31
J. Brown c Walter	15
Wheeler not out	29
Shepperd b Boult, jun	12
Tanner b Ditto	9
Dale b Ditto	0
Boyle c Rubegall	16
Jackfon run out	2
J. Earnfhaw b Goldham	6
Byes	1 —— 137

Thurfday's Club won by one innings and 19 runs.

August 1, and the following day, a grand match of cricket was played on the New Ground, at Montpelier Gardens, Walworth, between eleven gentlemen of Highgate and eleven gentlemen of the Montpelier Club, for three hundred guineas.

MONTPELIER CLUB.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Eldridge leg before wicket	2	b Anderson	2
Young b Anderson	2	b Turner	1
Wells run out	5	leg before wicket	52
Portifax c Slade	5	c Wood	29
Peacock b Anderson	7	b Turner	0
Starling b ditto	0	b Groombridge	1
Ward c Slade	14	b Turner	17
Gage b Turner	9	c Anderson	4
Chamberlain b ditto	4	not out	3
Stevens c Anderson	1	b Turner	0
Fowler not out	0	b Ditto	2
Byes	10	Byes	4
	59		115

HIGHGATE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Wood c Fowler	0	b Eldridge	6
Batchelor run out	7	c Fowler	2
Groombridge b Young	0	b Wells	4
Anderson b Ditto	0	run out	29
Melton b Ditto	1	b Young	0
Turner run out	4	b Wells	56
Lines run out	1	not out	14
Wallace c Stevens	0	run out	6
Slade c Gage	0	b Wells	0
Graves b Wells	0	b Young	8
Lines, jun. not out	6	leg before wicket	2
Byes	3	Byes	19
	22		146

The same and following day, a grand match was played in Lord's Ground, Mary-le-bone, between eleven gentlemen of Surry, against nine gentlemen of Middlesex, with Hammond and Boxall, for one thousand guineas.

MIDDLESEX.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Boxall b Hampton	2	b J. Wells	10
Graham b Beldam	0	b Ditto	13
Ray b J. Wells	13	b Ditto	1
T. Walker b Ditto	7	b Ditto	10
Hammond b Beldam	16	c Fennex	0
Shackell c Ditto	3	b J. Wells	26
Larton b Ditto	13	b Ditto	11
Goldham c Robinson	14	c Ditto	3
J. Brown c Fennex	5	b Ditto	0
Lord b J. Wells	9	run out	0
Silvester not out	0	not out	8
Byes	1	Byes	3
	83		85

SURRY.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Earl Winchelsea b Boxall	2	not out	10
Hon. Col. Bligh c T. Walker	2	stumpt Hammond	2
Robinson not out	76		
Beldam leg before wicket	4	not out	14
Fennex c Hammond	10		
J. Wells c Ditto	4		
Crawte stumpt Hammond	27		
G. Louch, Esq. stumpt Ditto	6		
J. Walker b T. Walker	6	b Boxall	5
Shepherd b Boxall	1		
Hampton stumpt Hammond	0		
Byes	0	Byes	0
	138		31

Same day, a hard match was contested between the gentlemen of Shipdam and the gentlemen of Swaffham, in Norfolk; which, after eight hours hard playing, was won by the former, having four wickets to go down.

The match played August 8, on the down at Oliver's Battery, near Winchester, three men of Hursley against three of Winchester, was won by the former. Much genteel company was present.—The challenge from the Southampton eleven to an equal number of Winchester has been accepted.

August 10, a match was played by eleven Greenwich Pensioners with one leg, against eleven with one arm, for one thousand guineas, at the new cricket ground, Montpelier Gardens, Walworth, where an immense concourse of people assembled.

About nine o'clock, the men arrived in three Greenwich stages; about ten the wickets were pitched, and the match commenced. Those with but one leg had the first innings, and got 93 runs.

About three o'clock, while those with but one arm were having their innings, a scene of riot and confusion took place, owing to the pressure of the people to gain admittance to the ground; the gates were forced open, and several parts of the fencing were broke down; and a great number of persons having got upon the roof of a stable, the roof broke in, and several persons falling among the horses, were taken out much bruised: about six o'clock the game was renewed, and the one arms got but 42 runs during their innings. The one legs commenced their second innings, and 6 were bowled out after they got 60 runs, so that they left off 111 more than those with one arm. They were taken back in the same stages, accompanied by music and colours.

The next day the parties were brought by three Greenwich stages, as before, when the match was played out, and the men with one leg beat the one arms by 103 runs.——In the course of the match, there were *five legs* broke, four in running, and one by the blow of a bat. After the match was finished the eleven one legged men run a sweepstakes of one hundred yards distance for twenty guineas, and the three first had prizes.

A short time ago, a match was played at Portsmouth, between eleven of the town against eleven of Southampton, for 100 guineas stake, and won by the former. Mr. Coulson, one of the latter party, had his eye entirely struck out of the socket by the ball.

August 10.

Monday se'nnight, and Monday last, a match was played in Lord's Ground, Mary-le-bone, between eleven gentlemen of the Kennington Club against eleven gentlemen of Middlesex, for three hundred guineas.

KENNINGTON CLUB.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Bridger b W. Brown	50	b W Brown	20
Folliet b Barton	18	c Goldham	0
Johnson run out	43	b Smith	0
Farrance c Butler	8	c Goldham	0
Watts b W Brown	12	run out	7
Rubegall b Smith	4	c J. Brown	5
Warren c J. Brown	13	b Barton	11
Clark b Ditto	20	not out	3
J. Miller c Long	0	c W. Brown	9
Tanner not out	7	b Barton	2
Boyce c T. Tanner	0	b Ditto	1
Byes	4	Byes	1
	179		59

MIDDLESEX.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
J. Brown c Tanner	13	run out	25
Butler b J. Miller	2	b Rubegall	22
W. Brown leg before wicket	2	c Farrance	14
Dale run out	19	not out	2
Smith c Tanner	8	not out	3
Goldham b Ditto	2	c Farrance	13
Barton not out	56	c Ditto	3
Shepherd b Farrance	19	c Tanner	5
Long b Rubegall	0	b Warren	5
Jackson run out	0		
Hall b Tanner	2	b Tanner	11
Byes	7	Byes	6
	130		109

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

MONSIEUR KANIFERSTANE.

A TALE.

ONCE on a time, a little French Marquis
For travel felt a mighty inclination :
To ſhew himſelf, and foreign parts to ſee,
He undertook a bold peregrination.
At Dieppe, he found a ſloop juſt under weigh,
By Dutchmen mann'd, and bound for Amſterdam ;
Wind and tide ſerving, off he ſail'd away,
And, ſoon ſea-ſick, beyond fineſſe or ſham,
Cloſe in the cabin he preferr'd to neſtle,
There, faint and languid, for a ſpace he doz'd ;
Till, from th' increas'd commotion in the veſſel,
That land might be in ſight he well ſuppos'd ;
So to the deck he climb'd with empty maw,
And, ſure enough, Dutch Terra Firma ſaw.

While in the cabin ſick and ſad he lay,
Tho' a true Frenchman, he ne'er dreamt of talking ;
But, when on deck, his ſpirits grew more gay,
And his blood 'gan to circulate with walking,
He recollected that he had a tongue.
Now, tho' a Frenchman French with eaſe can jabber,
And, doubtleſs, thinks all other ears are hung
Like thoſe he left at home, yet a Dutch ſwabber
Is apt enough no other ſpeech to know
Than that which firſt he learn'd from MOTHER FROW.

Such was the caſe of all the trunk-hos'd crew.
The marquis, ſtruck with wonder and delight,
Enraptur'd gaz'd on objects all ſo new ;
At length a ſumptuous palace caught his ſight,
Which, proudly riſing from the water's ſide,
Shew'd its new-painted front with flow'rets gay :
While trim reſponſive gardens ſpreading wide,
Diſplay'd Dutch taſte in regular array.
Anxious to know who own'd the pleaſing ſcene,
The marquis, bowing with a grinning face,
Demanded of a tar, in French I ween,
"To whom belong'd that moſt enchanting place ?"
The tar, who knew as much of French as Greek,
Ey'd him at firſt with ſomething like diſdain ;
Then, as he ſhifted round his qu'd to ſpeak,
With growling voice, cry'd "IK KAN NIET VERSTAAN*."
"Oh! ho!" reply'd the marquis, "does it ſo !
"To Monſieur KANIFERSTANE ! lucky man !
"The palace, to be ſure, lies rather low ;
"But, then, the ſize and grandeur of the plan !

* This means, "*I do not underſtand you.*"

"I never

"I never ſaw a chateau on the Seine,
"Equal to this of Monſieur KANIFER-
"STANE."

While he thus ſpoke, the ſailors anchor caſt,
As the Marquis deſcended on the quay,
He ſaw a charming frow that chanc'd to
paſs,
In livelieſt bloom of youth and beauty
gay,
Bedeck'd with all the Amſterdam parade
Of gold and ſilver, pearls and jewels
rare;
On the Marquis ſhe much impreſſion
made;
His tinder breaſt ſoon'd own'd a pleaſing
flame;
Stopping a paſſenger, he, bowing, ſaid,
"Monſieur, pray tell me who's that
lovely dame?"
The civil Dutchman bow'd to him again,
And gently anſwer'd, "IK KAN NIET
"VERSTAAN."

"What! Monſieur KANIFERSTANE's
"wife!" the Marquis cry'd,
"He who has got yon gay and ſumptu-
"ous houſe!
"Well! that ſome men have luck can't be
"deny'd;
"What! ſuch an edifice, and ſuch a
"ſpouſe!
"Ma foi! I think I never ſhould com-
"plain,
"Had I the lot of Monſieur KANIFER-
"STANE."

As, on the morrow, thro' the ſtreets he
paſs'd,
Gazing on all the pretty ſights about,
On a large open hall his ſight he caſt,
Where buſtling crowds were going in
and out.
Joining the throng, he entrance ſoon ob-
tain'd,
And found the people much engag'd to
ſee
The numbers which the blanks and prizes
gain'd
In their high mightineſſes lottery.
Some laugh'd, ſome wept, ſome groan'd,
and ſome exclaim'd,
In all the ſpirit of true caſtle-builders,
When, on a ſudden, a loud voice proclaim'd
The ſov'reign prize of twenty thouſand
guilders!
"And who," the Marquis cry'd, to one
cloſe by,
"Who has the luck this mighty prize to
"gain?"
The man ſurvey'd him with a doubtful
eye,
And ſlowly anſwer'd, "IK KAN NIET
"VERSTAAN."

"What! Monſieur KANIFERSTANE got
"the prize!"
The Marquis cry'd, "he's lucky on my
"life;
"He who has got a houſe of ſuch a ſize,
"And ſuch a garden, too, and ſuch a
"wife!
"Diable! you may very well be vain,
"With all theſe treaſures, Monſieur KANI-
"FERSTANE!"

A week or two elaps'd, when, as he
ſtray'd,
On novelty intent, he chanc'd to meet,
Adorn'd with ſolemn pomp and grave pa-
rade,
A ſumptuous burial coming up the ſtreet.
"Monſieur," ſaid he, as bowing to a baker,
Who left his ſhop the pageantry to ſee,
And juſt had nodded to the undertaker,
"Pray, Monſieur, whoſe grand burial
"may this be?"
The baker, as he turn'd to ſhop again,
Reply'd moſt gravely, "IK KAN NIET
"VERSTAAN."

"Mon Dieu!" exclaim'd the Marquis,
"what a pity!
"Monſieur KANIFERSTANE! what
"ſurpriſe!
"He had the nobleſt palace in this city!
"And ſuch a wife! and ſuch a glorious
"prize!
"Alack! alack! good fortune ſmiles in
"vain;
"So reſt in peace, good Monſieur KANI-
"FERSTANE!"

EPITAPH

Inſcribed on a marble Tablet, on the Bowling Green, at the New Tavern, Graveſend.

To the Memory of Mr. Alderman NYNN, *an honeſt Man, and an excellent Bowler.*

'Cuique eſt in ſuâ famâ.'

FULL forty long years was the Alder-
man ſeen,
The delight of each *bowler*, and *king* of this
green.
As long he remember'd his art and his
name,
Whoſe *hand* was unerring, unrivall'd his
fame.
His *bias* was good, and he always was
found
To go the *right way*, and to take enough
ground.
The *jack* to the uttermoſt verge he would
ſend,
For the Alderman lov'd a *full length* at *each*
end.

Now

Now mourn ev'ry one that hath seen him display
The arts of his *game*, and the wiles of his *play*;
For the great *bowler*, Death, at one critical *cast*,
Hath ended his *length*, and *close rubb'd* him at last.

Engraven on the Tomb of a LEICESTERSHIRE POACHER.

HERE lies a rascally incroacher—
A man who liv'd and died—a poacher.
He kill'd all he could hear or see;
But Death could kill as well as he.
So Death look'd up, and saw him coming,
Just *set a snare* to take him running—
And in the poacher popp'd, and so—ends all his cunning.

HOME'S HOME.

FROM DIBDIN'S "GREAT NEWS."

I'VE thought and I've said it sin I were a boy,
That what folks get at easy they never enjoy.
Why I was the same; at what's homely I'd scoff,
But how fine if it com'd a good many miles off!
So big with this fancy, though but a poor clown,
I hy'd me away for to see the great town;
Where they push'd me and throng'd me all one as a fair;
Then they'd titter, and snigger, and laugh—then I'd swear.
"Why, Bumkin, did'st e'er see such fin'ry as this
In your place?" cry'd a monkey in trowsers. "Why yes!
You'd your joke, Master Coxcomb, and now I'll have mine—
I've seen peacocks and goldfinches ten times as fine."
So I left Master Whiffle, and whistled along,
Then humm'd to myself the fag end of a song:—
The good that we wish for mayn't match what we've got;
Their minds are their kingdom who're pleas'd with their lot;
And, to whatever place discontented folks roam,
At last they'll be forc'd to say this of their home—
Our friends are as true and our wives are as comely,
And, dom it, home's home, be it ever so homely.

So, since for strange sights I to town took a range,
Faith I zeed sights in plenty, and all of them strange:
I zeed folks roll in riches that pleasure ne'er knew,
I zeed honest poverty rich as a Jew;
Time and oft' dress'd lamb-fashion I zeed an old ewe,
I zeed madam's monkey as smart as a beau,
I zeed beauty and virtue that never knew shame,
I zeed vice caress'd under modesty's name,
I zeed a fine head-dress worth more than the head,
I zeed folks with their brains out before they were dead,
I zeed rogues of their knavery making their brags,
I zeed fools in coaches, and merit in rags;
And, still through the crowd as I whistled along,
I humm'd to myself the fag end of a song. The good, &c.

But what zicken'd me most was one day in the Park,
As the guns were a firing, a queer-looking spark
Cry'd, "What nonsense and stuff with their fuss and parade!"
"Stuff and nonsense," said I; "oh! what's that that you said?
Why they fire for a vict'ry, and you have your choice
To go home or with all honest subjects rejoice."
"Mighty well," cry'd my spark; "but a word in your ear;
The affairs of the nation are cursedly queer,
Nay, 'tis true we're done up; 'twill be seen by and by."—
"How much did they give you to catch me," said I;
"The country's a good one, all good men perceive it;
And they that don't like it, why dom't let 'em leave it."
So I left my queer spark, and went whistling along,
Then humm'd to myself the fag end of a song. The good, &c.

IMPROMPTU *on the* WELCH ASSAULT.

BEGGARS, (the proverb's still extant,)
'Tis said, should ne'er be chusers;
Nor soldiers in *church-militant*,
Turn *rioters* and *bruisers*.

How

How oft, says scripture, if he seek,
Should we forgive our brother:
And if they smite the dexter cheek,
Why turn to them *the other*.

But you, my Lord, forget the text,
And eke your sacred function;
And by a common layman vex'd,
Use pugilistic unction.

Then shut the church's sacred door,
For martial broils and clangor,
And in its stead erect a score
Of *boxing-schools* at *Bangor*.

And should these *orgies* overflow,
Oh! do not think it hard tho'
Your *Chaplain*, then, my Lord, you know,
Can box in the *church yard* too.

Thus will your *sacred calling* be,
The sacerdotal fighter!
And the bright *emblem* of your *see*,
The new Mendoza's mitre!

But, trust me, till the arm of death,
This *knock-down zeal* shall sheath, sir;
You'll recollect with angry breath,
The *blows* you got from Heath, sir.

THE CARELESS COUPLE.

JENNY is poor, and I am poor,
Yet we will wed—so say no more;
And should the bairns you mention come,
As few that marry but have some,
No doubt but Heav'n will stand our friend,
And *bread*, as well as *children* send.
So fares the hen, in farmer's yard,
To live alone she finds it hard;
I've known her weary every claw
In search of corn amongst the straw;
But when in quest of nicer food,
She clucks amongst her chirping brood;
With joy I've seen that self same hen
That scratch'd for *one*, could scratch for *ten*.
These are the thoughts that make me willing
To take my *girl* without a shilling;
And for the self-same cause, d'ye see,
Jenny's resolv'd to marry me!

Johnny.

THE ASSES CALLED TO ORDER,

AN EPIGRAM.

AS Thumpcushion, famous for ejaculation,
Was holding it forth to a large congregation,
An Ass in the yard of his chapel that graz'd,
With the vehement tones of the pastor amaz'd,
And instinctively curious to see what was there,
Pok'd his head thro' a window thrown open for air;
And, scar'd at the set of long faces in sight,
In his natural language gave vent to his fright;
When a wag started up, and, to heighten the jest,
Both the ass and the priest, he in turns thus address'd:
"Dear Gem'men, let order with argument "chime,
"You are pretty well match'd, but pray—"one at a time."

Young Currycomb.

On a Bee *having stung the* Thigh *of an* Old Maid.

ON the annals of fame with Columbus you stand,
Who sought the American shore;
Advent'rous, like him, you explore a new land,
Where none ever travell'd before.

Lines *pasted up in the Window of a* Young Hair-dresser, *just begun Business, at* Hinckley, *in* Leicestershire.

CRAMP, the barber, lives here: step in if you please,
Though my shop is but small, in my chair you'll find ease;
Here am I that shall shave you, if shaving's your wish,
With my cloth, my sharp blade, and hot suds in my dish;
If so thick are your locks, or so thin that you hate 'em,
Here's my scissars for those, and for these my pomatum;
If you wish to be clean, and your cheeks smooth and nice,
Pay your penny—the job shall be done in a trice;
If in whipping your beard off, I give you much pain,
Why take back your cash—but if not, come again.
You'll find me neat and expert in the dressing of hair,
For my business I learnt with Mr. Adkins, late Mayor
Of this town. Now, Gent's, I humbly your favours do crave,
And I'll endeavour to please you while on this side the grave.